

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 9, 1961

25 CENTS

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OF
THE YEAR
ARNOLD PALMER



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FEELING



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MEMO from the publisher

THE EXCERPTS from **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that follow are related in that they are all by the same writer. They are from different stories, but they are also related in reflecting the quality of imaginative writing and sensitive reporting that we hope most often characterizes our editorial content and adds distinction to it.



GILBERT ROGIN

"As a result of Listen's quick victory over Pulley there is a tremendous publicity campaign for him," D'Amato promised the other day, as if publicity were something that blew off a swamp.

He shakes your head as though it were a live bird whose tiny bones would break. . . .

Fighting with the desperate, jerky violence of a character in an old silent film, Robbama lost. . . .

When Maurice Richard scores a goal in the Forum, even as insignificant goal is a meaningless game, it looks like a unique celebration. First, an astonishing, prolonged din of cheering and applause; then newspapers, programs, gelatinas, hats are thrown onto the ice. Richard skates in abstracted, embarrassed, faintly sinister through the heavy mass of objects.

Floyd slept, sunk in the front seat, his head against the door, as the car passed through Brooklyn, through the late, peculiar light of summer evening. In front of the dark red lawns of Atlantic Avenue children in their undershirts burned grass cartwheels. On the broad sidewalks, under the thick shade trees, was the idle, noisy congestion, watching it get dark. Long maps covered with filial passion from passing cars. The soft air blew across Floyd's still, sleeping, serious head, and the early snow washed his face with many colors. It was as though he were being borne, unresisted, back through the streets he had come off, passing on a cheap the quiet, shabby, roaming child who fathered him and sent him restlessly forth.

This last paragraph has not yet appeared in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, but it will be in next week's issue in a story that tells, I think, more about the personality of the heavyweight champion than anything else ever written on Floyd Patterson. Like the rest of the quotations, it also indicates the particular talents of Gilbert Rogin, the young staff member who wrote them all.

Arthur H. Jones

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Next week

Coles Pinsky reports from Alaska on the battle between the sevens and the sealers for the big, rough, but still very vulnerable wilderness in the 48th state.

Floyd Patterson has been a rarely used, usually misnamed champion. A reflective look at Floyd, in the days before Johnson's bout, reveals the inner man.

Six pages of game-action photographs in color reveal that basketball, as today's top professionals play it, is a graceful ballet, punctuated by brutish contact.



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SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

THE FIGHT

The announcement that the third Patterson-Johansson fight would be held March 20 in Miami Beach had hardly appeared in print last week when a drearily familiar sequence of events began. The date was changed almost immediately to March 13. Then, further to confuse fans, the promoters released a mixed bag of fact and fancy on how and where the fight would be televised.

This kind of thing seems to be accepted as part of the promotional voodoo before big-time flat fights. The first Patterson-Johansson fight was preceded by a mishmash of skulduggery; the second was honestly promoted by Feature Sports Inc., but arrangements at the Polo Grounds were so badly bungled that some ticket holders had to climb fences and fight their way to their seats.

This third fight will be one of the most important ever held in this country. To the sport of boxing it offers the first chance to recover from the official exposure by the Kefauver subcommittee of the smelly and/or chaotic conditions that prevail. The members of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission had better see to it that the fight is run cleanly and well. We hope they are up to the job.

DREAD DISEASE

An editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reports that septicaemia ophippus is found by many to be "a lingering malady," and is alleged by others to be "incurable." The writer adds a personal note: "My parents had led me to believe this sickness was an hereditary malady and essentially an stigmatizing as syphilis or athelism." Another name for the disease is equinosis. Some simply call it horse playing.

THE GIFT

Early in the football season the Los Angeles Chargers' prospects looked bleak, and Owner Barron Hilton was depressed. To cheer him up, Sports-

writer Bud Furillo and Assistant Coach Jack Faulkner ticked off all the reasons why the Chargers were certain to win the AFL Western Division championship. Hilton's spirits rose considerably. "If we win," he told the two cheerleaders, "I'll buy you something real nice. What would you like?"

Furillo and Faulkner looked at each other. Both came out of the tough areas of Youngstown, Ohio—where street fights left them both with broken noses. "If you win,"



suggested Furillo, "why don't you buy Faulkner and me new noses?"

Hilton did and will. Furillo and Faulkner will check into hospitals any day now to accept their little tokens of the owner's esteem.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Chuck McKinley misbehaved miserably in the Davis Cup tennis debacle, but his suspension (as the only amateur had boy still in sight) probably will be brief. Feeling in sophisticated tennis circles is that McKinley is taking the rap for a series of court couples who date back to the early Vic Seixas.

• College baseball coaches, anxious to keep pro scouts away from promising undergraduates, are planning a string of summer leagues. They feel this might induce the pros to keep

hands off college stars while they acquire this added experience, instead of trying to lure them off campus with attractive bonuses.

• Football and track coaches at the University of Kansas are worried by reports that halfback-sprinter Bert Coan will transfer to St. Benedict's, one of the Midwest's small-college powers. Coan has been brooding over the conference ruling that cost Kansas the Big Eight title and made him ineligible for the first five football games of 1961 (SI, Dec. 19).

• The National Basketball Association has devised a moderately progressive program for stocking next year's new entries in Chicago and Pittsburgh. Current teams will be allowed to protect seven men on their rosters, with the other four open to selection by the newcomers. In addition, Chicago and Pittsburgh each will get one first-round and five second-round choices in the college draft. A good bet for the Celtics casted list: longtime All-Star Bill Sharman, now 34 and hobbled by a leg injury—provided Sharman, who is seeking the right coaching opportunity, doesn't quit playing altogether.

• Sydney's large Italian colony failed to turn out to see Italy's Davis Cup team face Australia. Reason: Aussie tennis officials sent a "good will" ambassador to city's largest Italian sports club to warn its members to mind their manners. They did—by boycotting matches.

• Look for Bill Cutler to replace Parke Carroll as general manager of the Kansas City Athletics. Cutler, American League office manager, has been offered a five-year contract by New Owner Charles Finley and he is ready to accept.

• The first edition of the Caliente Future Book, which quotes odds on the \$145,000 Santa Anita Handicap, makes Kelso a 3-to-1 favorite, Tompkin and T.V. Lark 6 to 1, Fleet Nasrullah, Prove It and Bagdad 10 to 1, Divine Comedy 20 to 1. Biggest price is on a 5-year-old gelding named Big Jake. He's 1,000 to 1.

BUTLER

At 7 o'clock on the morning of August 3, 1960, a Wednesday, the news furnished the views of Dave Garroway's *Today* show included the information that trouble was brewing in the Congo, Harry S. Truman was

continued

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SCORECARD continued

warning to John F. Kennedy and Thomas Patrick Cronin was out of work. Cronin, a 48-year-old, slightly paunchy butler in the service of England's newly married Princess Margaret Rose and Antony Armstrong-Jones, had quit because, as he was saying, his professional standards had been grievously affronted by Armstrong-Jones's unorthodox notions of proper management of royal household affairs. All things considered, Cronin was sorry now he had left his job with John Hay Whitney at the American Embassy to take the exalted position.

Among those who heard Today's newsman that morning was Roy A. McAndrews, a wealthy Florida businessman, who was eating his breakfast at the time and who owns and operates a \$4 million, gorgeous (green gravel in the esplanade) jai-alai court in Dania, Fla., 20 miles north of Miami Beach. This froo-froo froo-froo is known as the Dania Jai Alai Palace, and the synthetic regality is emphasized by a highly restricted (14 seats) grandstand enclosure called the Royal Box. It is reserved for what McAndrews describes as "our VIPs" and is supposed to be staffed by a champagne-pouring butler.

On the morning in question here, McAndrews recalls, he was distressed about the Congo, delighted about Jack Kennedy, and keenly in-

terested in Thomas Cronin's unemployment. "I sat there thinking," he says. "Here I had this Royal Box but at the time I had no butler. And here was a royal butler who had no job." A warm glow, subtle as the butter slowly melting into his toast, began to spread through McAndrews. The next day one of his most trusted aides was on a jet bound for London, a blank check in his wallet. Result: Thomas Cronin today is installed in a rent-free, maid-supplied, one-room efficiency apartment two blocks from the palm-surrounded, yellow-stucco-and-red-brick building that says *MI LI* on the roof and *JAI ALAI* on the wall. And though he knows next to nothing about that athletic fruit salad of handball, lacrosse, squash and parimutuel betting called jai alai, he is perfectly content. He is being paid \$390 a week and he has all the opportunity he could desire to show off what he does know: butlering.

Cronin wasted no time. His first impression of the Royal Box, his new home, upon his arrival in late November, was that "it was a bit horrible and looked like a tomb." He set about putting the stamp of true royalty on it, and McAndrews, mindful of Armstrong-Jones's experience, gave him a free hand. Cronin found the white-plastic-and-terry-cloth sofas acceptable, but he replaced the black carpeting with gold (complete with the luxurious feel of three underlying pads), the black iron grille work



WHILE PATRONS LOUNGE IN ROYAL BOX, ROYAL BUTLER CRONIN SERVES CHAMPAGNE

with brass of a florid Florida design, and the bulky glass ashtrays with others upholstered in gold lamé. That done, he supervised the training of the restaurant waiters and grandstand-vending bar waitresses. "I have passed Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill through my hands without displaying my nervousness," he told them; "neither must you with the customers at Dania."

It was McAndrew's view that Cronin's first night was "a flawless performance." "I've never seen a man walk into a job cold like this and so overwhelm the people," he said with deep feeling. Among those the butler apparently overwhelmed in the Royal Box were an assortment of mink-wrapped ladies, world-weary gossip Hy Gardner, Jim Bishop, the author of *The Day Christ Died*, and Ed Lahey, a Washington newspaperman. Definitely overwhelmed were hordes of Aet police who swirled around Cronin between games asking if he would be so kind as to autograph their programs and dinner menus, shaking his hand in gratitude and addressing to him such remarks as, "How do you like America?" "My aunt was born in Ireland," "Is Princess Margaret a good housewife?" and "Let me say what an honor it is to meet you, Mr. Cronin."

"I'm sure," said Cronin later, "it was an equal honor for me to meet all those people, but for the life of me I can't imagine why an American is willing to queue up merely to shake hands with a butler. It just isn't the sort of thing that's done. But I must say for me it's a bloody night better than quarreling with that upstart opportunist Armstrong-Jones—especially for the \$24 a week he was paying me."

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

Certain basketball fans in St. Louis last week did not like the way things were going during a game between the Hawks and the Boston Celtics, so they threw eggs at the Celtic bench, hitting the players and Coach Red Auerbach. Red was understandably vexed. He called St. Louis a bush town and said the cops should arrest the fans and charge them with disturbing the peace.

We are, of course, against egg-throwing. But we must point out to Red and all the other coaches in

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SCORECARD continued

professional basketball that they really have only themselves to blame for such behavior. They set the fans a poor example by acting like petulant children at games, dancing around in phony rages and fighting with referees at nearly every call on the floor. Only two weeks ago, before a nationwide television audience, Auerbach himself was so objectionable that Referee Sid Borgia was forced to throw him out of the Boston Garden.

If the coaches would stay on the benches, where they belong, the fans might leave their eggs at home in the refrigerator, where they belong.

BEATING THE SYSTEM

A man named King has the only sure way to beat the system at Las Vegas. He has put his theories into a gold-and-black booklet that purports to tell how to win at craps and now, at \$2 a copy, is cleaning up at some 75 locations along the Vegas strip.

THE RUNNING ROBBER

One of the most dedicated athletes in the world surely must be Robert Poindexter, who solemnly and doggedly pursues his goal of a four-minute mile by running thousands of laps inside the walls of the Iowa State Prison at Fort Madison. Poindexter, 35, an armed robber, is in his eighth year of imprisonment, and all that time he has pounded away at the mile. His course is bounded by the walls of the prison; he laid it out by estimate, then added 30 paces for good measure. Running in heavy basketball shoes, he has been timed over this course in four minutes 16 seconds. Percy County, Herb Elliott's coach, has instructed Poindexter by mail. Archie Moore corresponds with him regularly, and even hired an attorney, who arranged for dismissal of a robbery charge pending against Poindexter in Omaha. Now eligible for parole, Poindexter has plans for his freedom all laid out. "The first thing I'm going to do," he says, "is find a real track—even before I leave town. I want to see what one looks like with my own eyes and try it out. I'd like to win a place on the United States team in the next Pan American Games. But if I don't make it, at least my running has given me self-respect and a new outlook on life."

FACES IN THE CROWD



SANDY STORK, 11, of Clayton, Mo., winning in track area competition (started lower first in six of eight races, built up 15-point lead in 1500-yard event to win both titles for second straight year in events held in Clayton and St. Louis.



STEVE OWEN, defensive specialist who coached NFL's New York Giants to eight divisional titles in 22 years (all without a contract), finished season as coach of Canada's Calgary team, signed for '81 as head man of rival Saskatchewan Roughriders.



JOHNNY BALLA, national left-hander who has played golf right-handed for 30 years, entered the National Open. Left-handers tournament at Bradenton, Fla., shot 80 for 121, among 175 competitors, but says he may enter the regular Open left-handed.



SANDRA REYNOLDS, 21, of Birmingham, South Africa, blonde, blue-eyed tennis star won weekly "Nation's Open" title. "It's a lot tougher than Wimbledon," but Maria Bueno is her coach, because first woman ever chosen as U.S. Open's Sportsman of the Year.



HARRY O'NEAL, JR., 17, of Charleston, S.C., a serious bowler for past year, averaged 156 for nine games, became youngest winner of state championship match (also South Carolina star to qualify for annual ABC Masters tourney).



AL WOZNYK of Chicago, Dartmouth. A student and halfback who set Ivy League records for rushing and passing yards, was chosen from nationwide field of 82 candidates to receive 15th Heide Nelson award for sportsmanship and fidelity to "the football code."

COMING EVENTS

January 8 to January 12

44 items are E.B.T.

• *Calceolabium* • *Tubularium* • *Mitrocladia*

Friday, January 6

- BASEBALL** (ending)
Detroit at St. Louis, Wed.
Game
Houston at Detroit
St. Louis vs. Los Angeles
GOLF
Los Angeles Open, 34,000, Los Angeles
Through Jan. 30.
HORSE RACING
Orange Bowl Handicap, \$20,000, Tropical Park
Orlando, (Detroit signal) 7 P.M.

Saturday, January 2

- [illegible]

Sunday, January 8

- WHEAT**
Wheat at St. Louis, 2:00 p.m. (NYC).
Delivered at Liverpool.
Philadelphia at New York.
- WHEAT**
Wheat at Detroit.
Montreal at New York.
Toronto at Chicago.

Monday, January 3

- ④ *Jackpot Bowling*, Heller vs. St. John (NBC) *

Tuesday, January 10

- BAHRETHBAH**, collected
Wash Forest at North Carolina.
TYPE:
Holotype vs. Derived, 26, Lundy vs. Claydonville vs.
26, Lundy
New York at Los Angeles.

Wednesday, January 12

- RECENT RELEASES:**
- *The John F. vs. M. Joseph's at Philadelphia*.
 - *Crematorium at Detroit*.
 - *New York at Los Angeles*.
 - *Lunch at Syracuse*.
- UPCOMING RELEASES:**
- *Nat'l. Motor Show, New York* (through Jan. 30).
 - *Detroit at Chicago*.

Thursday, January 13

- NEW YORK**—*open*
 Boston vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia vs. St. Louis
 at Philadelphia
 Cincinnati vs. Detroit at Fort Wayne, Ind.
WASH.
 Little Rock Island Open, Sea Island, Ga.
 March 24, 1911.
NEW YORK
 New York at Boston
 Cincinnati at Montreal

*See: *Israel Warline*



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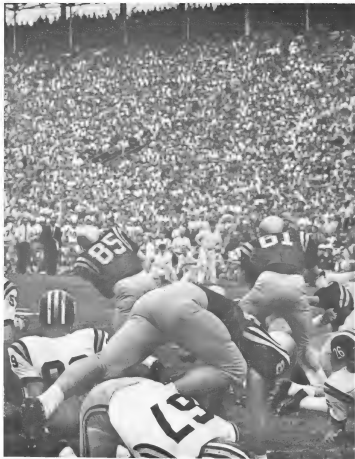
THEY RAN ALL THE WAY

War on the ground prevailed over war in the air in most of Monday's bowl games. Here it is Navy's Greg Mather, whose 94-yard touchdown interception for a while seemed likely to bring the Orange Bowl floating home on a Navy sea. Meanwhile, at the Rose Bowl, Washington was tearing up history and Minnesota. For these stories, and those of the Sugar and Cotton bowls, too, see the following pages

Photographs by Martin E. Neuman



IN MOST SPECTACULAR PLAY OF DAY NAVY'S MATHER (12) STARTS 94-YARD



TOUCHDOWN RUL, HE INTERCEPTED LATERAL PASS INTENDED FOR MISSOURI'S TAYLOR (10), WHO MISSED TACKLE AS WELL AS BALL

THE WILDEST ROSE

An invading horde of friends and relatives watched Washington and Minnesota win half a game apiece, but in the end the Huskies ran the higher score with a swift and artful offense

THERE are two American cities that genuflect to no one in their uncontrollable—one could even say undying—affection for the home-town football team. When citizens of these two cities, Seattle and Minneapolis, assembled for a contest between their Washington Huskies and their Minnesota Gophers on the green grass of Pasadena, sensible natives took shelter. The less sensible—97,000 of them—were at the Arroyo Seco, where the Rose Bowl sits, and everyone but the ushers appeared to be related to a player on one or the other team. In its long history, the Rose Bowl had never been shaken by such passion from the stands.

Luckily for this ardent gathering, each team won half of the game. However, Washington won the first

half 17-0, whereas Minnesota won the second half by only 7-6, so Washington won the game. Because Minnesota has been ranked as the No. 1 team in the country by the wire service polls, the result might be called an upset, although actually the game was much too even for that.

Before Monday, lots of people were saying that Washington lacked the bowl-game incentive. Twenty-six of Washington's players had been in last year's 44-8 stampede over Wisconsin. Never in the history of the Rose Bowl had a team returned with so many veterans of a previous bowl game. The prevailing opinion was that they might take the game a little too casually.

Bob Schloridt, the Husky quarterback who came back to this game af-

ter half a season spent healing a broken collarbone, didn't agree at all. On the day before the game, the Washington team drove up from Long Beach in their buses to have a look at the empty Rose Bowl. Dressed in their blue-blazer-and-gray-slacks uniforms, they walked up and down the green turf and toed the hard earth underneath. They climbed up the aisles in small groups and wandered among the empty seats. Some sat in the shade of the press box in the very last row to see what the field looked like from there.

Schloridt stayed down on the field, taking pictures of his friends and squinting the length of the gridiron at the northern goal posts. "We made our first touchdown against Wisconsin up there," he said. "And we made another there in the third quarter. And we kicked our field goal up there. But you know, I'm more nervous for this game than I was for Wisconsin. Minnesota's better than Wisconsin was. You can see that in the movies. There's nothing complacent about this team."

Bob Hivner, who has alternated with Schloridt as the starting quarterback since they were sophomores and who started the game Monday, was talking to a friend near by. "The field looks the same as last year," he said. "I sure hope the scoreboard does, too."

The tone in the Minnesota camp was not so wistful. Indeed, after a slow start in their preparations, the Gophers were confident. Coach Murray Warmath clearly had his mind set on the timing of his offense and the spirit of his players. The Gophers were rated No. 2 in the country and they knew they were good. Some of them got sore legs and blisters on their feet from the hard surface of their practice field, but Warmath worried more about fat heads than about that. And on their last big practice before the game, the future began to look bright. Sandy Scophess, the 215-pound Minnesota quarterback and one of the very few Negroes ever to hold the quarterback's job on a major college team, felt just fine. "We've had two real good practices in a row," he said with great confidence. "Not a mistake. We're ready."

Warmath seemed to agree, in a restrained sort of way. A gruff, matter-of-fact sort of man from Tennessee without a trace of Dale Carnegie in

WASHINGTON'S BOB SCHLORIDT (15) SPEARS THROUGH MINNESOTA LINE FOR 21 YARDS.



his big frame, he spent hours in his Huntington Hotel press room talking to the dozens of reporters who kept arriving on every inbound plane as the game approached.

"They're wonderful boys, most of them seniors," Warmath told the group that surrounded him, pencils poised. "They all wanted to come out here. I know Washington is fast, but they aren't any faster than Iowa was, and we contained them. Our only worry is whether we are up mentally. Physically we're fine."

"We're about like we were before the Wisconsin game," Sandy Stephens explained a few minutes later. "For that one we got up just a few days before the game. It wasn't like Iowa, when we were up for a whole week. We had a lot of diversions when we first got here, but now we're ready to play football."

Stephens was just a bit—one half of a football game, to be precise—ahead of himself, and Murray Warmath was not quite right about what would make the difference. The real difference between these two excellent, finely tuned teams, it developed when the game began, was speed. When Washington was moving the ball, as it did so smoothly in the first half, its backs were fast enough to carry for long distances. A quarterback sneak by Bob Schloredt in the middle of the second quarter, for instance, went for 31 yards when it was only supposed to go for one or two (opposite page). It set up the second and final Washington touchdown that Schloredt himself scored a few plays later from the one-yard line.

While Washington was moving in that fine first half, it seemed able to do everything well. George Fleming and Charlie Mitchell, the two elusive and explosive Washington halfbacks, were always on the verge of breaking clear of the big but somewhat ponderous Minnesota players. The Huskies' lighter line was somehow overwhelming even the great Minnesota guard, Tom Brown. Coach Jim Owens had installed a double-wing offense especially to surprise and confuse the big Gophers, but the Husky lineemen were getting such a jump on the Minnesota line that Washington could revert to its reliable bread-and-butter plays off the wing T it had been using all year.

In the second half the floor of the Rose Bowl had cooled off from its midday temperature of 71°. Some of



MAKING FIRST DOWN, HUSKIE CHARLIE MITCHELL IS OFFENDED BY SANDY STEPHENS

the Minnesota players felt that this gave them new vigor. Whatever it was, the team suddenly began to dominate the game completely. Sandy Stephens could do no wrong. Combining with Bill Manney, the Minnesota left halfback and the only really fast man on his team, Stephens moved the ball at his pleasure on option plays to the left and then countered with handoffs to Fullback Roger Hagberg going the other way.

Yet despite appearances and actuality, Minnesota never managed to put its new found vigor to great effect. The Gophers got their only touchdown soon after the second-half kickoff, but the clock ticked away as they picked up a few yards here and a few there. Whenever they needed the yardage most, the Huskies always seemed to be in the way. "We played a little softer defense," is the way Coach Owens explained it later. "Their superior size told on us, so we couldn't very well meet them head to head."

Schloredt was, of course, ecstatic over the result of the last game of his

college career, but not entirely satisfied with himself. "I made too many defensive mistakes," he said without losing the grin he was wearing around the dressing room. "They ran a touchdown around me, and I was on my back half the time when I should have been making tackles."

Whatever his shortcomings on defense, Schloredt more than made up for them when Washington had the ball and for the second year in succession he was named the game's most valuable player.

There has been some talk that this may have been the last Rose Bowl game between the West Coast colleges and the Big Ten. If so, the Westerners should raise some kind of monument to the Washington Husky. After so many years of mistreatment at the hands of the Middle Westerners, the Seattleites finally vindicated the honor of the Pacific Coast with their consecutive victories over the Big Ten.

—ALFRED WRIGHT

FOR MORE BOWL REPORTS, TURN PAGE



HOMEWORK PAYS OFF

Pregame study and on-field power won the Orange for Missouri.

At the movies the Tigers learned how to smother Joe Bellino,

snatch Hal Spooner's passes and destroy Navy on the ground

WITH dedicated regard for the heroic legend of Joe Bellino, the University of Missouri ground out a methodical, old-fashioned victory over Navy, 21-14, in the Orange Bowl. More than 70,000 people, including President-elect John Kennedy (opposite), the noted touch football player, came out to watch some of the magic Bellino had displayed for Navy all season. But Missouri had done its homework well: the crowd saw just a flash of the legend late in the game when Bellino made an incredible, diving catch of a pass for a touchdown. Apart from that, little Joe was held entirely within the limits of a standard human. Whenever he carried the ball, he was surrounded by unfriendly Missouri linemen. He gained only four yards all day.

It must sometimes have seemed to Joe that the men from Missouri were endowed with telepathic powers enabling them to divine his every move. The impression was not far from wrong. Though few of Missouri's players had ever met Bellino or even seen him play, every member of the defensive platoon had gotten to know him like a brother. Morning after morning of the week just before the game, the Missouri boys gathered in a darkened room on the mezzanine of their Miami Beach hotel to watch Bellino make his favorite moves on film. They saw him take a little flare pass in the flat. "You can't give him too much room on those," came a coach's warning from the dark. They saw him fake going into the flat and then break downfield to take a pass over his shoulder for a touchdown, just as he was to do a few days later. "Crowd him, but don't let him get

behind you," came the word. They saw him hammer into the line, spin off a tackle and go for more yardage: "When you hit him, hit him good." They saw him quick-kick—"I think he lines up a little deeper when he's going to quick-kick"—and they saw him fake a quick kick. "Look, you right ends and right linebackers, you can't block that quick kick anyway, so just always imagine he's going to fake it."

The result of this intensive schooling was diametrically apparent to Navy fans every time Bellino got the ball. Meanwhile, Missouri's backs danced merrily around and through the Navy line, making good use of the four-lane highways the rugged Missouri blockers provided. The Tigers from the Midwest made 296 yards on the ground, 111 of them on the services of Mel West, who quite often looked a lot more like Bellino than Bellino himself.

Yet as devastating as Missouri's attack was, there were moments early in the game when it looked as if Navy might steal a victory. Missouri marched to the Navy two-yard line, having driven from their own 28. Quarterback Ron Taylor gave the ball to Dennis Smith, who crashed into the Navy line. For the first—and very nearly the last—time the Navy line held. Foolishly, Smith tried to lateral the ball back to Taylor. ("I was mighty surprised," said Taylor later. "There was a Navy man between us.") The Navy man, Ed Greg Mather, caught the ball (see photograph page 12), eluded Taylor's desperate arms and sprinted 94 yards for a thank-you-very-much touchdown.

That play and the ensuing Navy kickoff nearly finished Missouri. Mather ran forward to kick off in his normal style, but before he reached the ball Bellino crossed over and topped the ball into the Missouri line. Rockne Calhoun, a burly tackle, did a neat job of catching the ball but, carried away with the effort, he began to lumber crossfield like a restless elephant. As he was tackled he fumbled, and Navy recovered on the Missouri 43.

In the following drive, Navy's lively quarterback, Hal Spooner, threw two passes that moved the ball to Missouri's 14. At that point Missouri seemed a beaten team. But

see below

CHARGING HALFBACK NORRIS STEVENSON MOVES THE BALL THROUGH THE NAVY LINE



FORMER NAVAL PERSON, John F. Kennedy, happily watches Navy's Mather complete his 94-yard run.

here again homework paid off. Much as they respected Bellino, Missouri had been equally concerned about Spooner's passing ("He likes to throw on first down to receivers going down and out." Missouri's coaches had told their boys). This was just what Spooner had done; only now, when he did it for a third time, Norm Beal, a halfback, intercepted the ball on the 10-yard line and, helped by two blocks, ran 90 yards along the sideline for a touchdown.

"That's the play that won the game," Assistant Coach Clay Cooper said after the game. "That and the two passes Andy Russell intercepted a little later. Navy couldn't run against us, and when their passes started being intercepted they didn't know which way to turn."

Navy, of course, had prepared studiously, too, but more than homework was needed. They watched movies of the Tigers' defeat by Kansas, the only team that stopped Missouri's strong running attack, but



BELLINO REACHES FOR MOMENT OF GLORY

found small comfort in them. Coach Wayne Hardin decided that Kansas hadn't done anything different from any other team but simply had better players. With a few exceptions, Navy did not.

After Beal's interception and touchdown Missouri dominated the game, marching to another touchdown in

the second period and still another in the fourth.

Bellino's single moment came with Missouri leading 21-6. Spooner had passed the ball to the Missouri 27, mostly sideline passes to conserve time. This time he dropped back as Bellino, starting from left halfback, fished out and then rut downfield. Spooner arched the ball toward the deep left-hand corner of the end zone. Bellino slipped by his defender, but it was obvious to every one in the bowl that the pass was overthrown. Joe, however, ignored the obvious (nearly), somehow caught the ball and did a somersault out of the end zone. Later both coaches—Dan Devine of Missouri and Wayne Hardin of Navy—agreed they had never seen a catch like it.

The scene in the Missouri locker room after the game was one of hysterical joy. Devine and his assistants were carried into the showers, clothes on; some of them cried. Bellino had been stopped, Navy had been beaten and Missouri, after six losses, had finally won a bowl game.

—WALTER BINGHAM

WINNING TOE FOR DUKE

Superior weight and condition, plus one good kick, were enough to undo favored Arkansas

I COULDN'T believe it . . . I just couldn't believe it," cried Duke's jubilant Quarterback Don Altman in the Duke dressing room. "I was expecting to throw to the halfback, but Moorman was just wide open—I couldn't believe it."

Neither could a dejected Frank Broyles, the Arkansas coach, whose team played the entire game exactly as he wanted it to only to lose in the dying minutes and by the length of a toe. The toe belonged to Duke Guard Art Breussing, who kicked the extra point after Tee Moorman, an AE-America end, had caught Altman's pass. Duke thus came from behind to win 7-6, in the closest of the major bowl games.

The game would have ended in a tie had not Duke blocked Mickey Cassels' try for the extra point fol-

lowing Arkansas' only score, made on a brilliant 45-yard punt return by Lance Alworth, the great Arkansas halfback. But perhaps more important than either the blocked kick or the successful one was the decision made at half time by Duke Coach Bill Murray. After two periods of classic—if dull—position football during which both teams were able to produce a meager total of three first downs, the offenses opened up and Duke, surprisingly, got the best of it.

"We had information that we could run wide to the weak side. We had been running up the middle. As everybody saw, this failed miserably," Murray said. Duke also drove the Arkansas coals in sharply and started using short passes, most of them to Moorman, with great effect.

Duke outweighed Arkansas 10 pounds per man. "They were so big we couldn't block 'em," said Broyles; and, as Murray pointed out, "our boys were well conditioned and much stronger in the fourth quarter. This was very pleasing."

Alworth was voted the game's most valuable player. Ironically, he was also its goat. It was he who let Moorman, the lonesome end, get away for Duke's lonesome touchdowns.

—WES WIRE

DUKE'S ART BREUSSING KICKS POINT



JAKE FOR OLE MISS

Jake Gibbs, that is. He had a bad day, but he was good enough to beat Rice

THERE ARE two ways to look at Mississippi's 14-6 victory over Rice in the Sugar Bowl game—a game that started as a rout and ended with the issue in doubt until the last play. One is to believe that Mississippi took advantage of the few chances that came its way, as might have been expected of a team ranked second nationally—and Rice did not. But another and probably more accurate view is that Mississippi had Jake Gibbs—and Rice did not. The All-America quarterback scored both of his team's touchdowns on roll-out runs of eight and three yards. They elapsed 65- and 57-yard drives—led by Gibbs personally.

On the other hand, sophomore Quarterback Randall Kerbow of Rice had two passes intercepted deep in Ole Miss territory to break up potential touchdown marches, and Muteb Blume, a substitute quarterback, lost one pass to Mississippi defenders who were all but impossible to move when their goal was threatened.



MISSISSIPPI'S GIBBS SCORING FROM RICE EIGHT ON THE SEVENTH PLAY OF THE GAME

Oddly enough, this was not a good day for Gibbs, and at least part of the reason was the special defense put in by Coach Jess Neely in the days before the game. The Rice strategy was to keep the pressure on Gibbs by relentless rushing, mostly red-dogging, while giving the other Mississippi backs short gains on the ground. "They can beat you, all right," Neely said, "but he [Gibbs] can humiliate you."

The tactics reduced Gibbs from incomparable to merely superb. He gained only 15 yards rushing and

completed only five of 15 passes for a total of 48 yards. But 11 of Gibbs's 15 yards were made on the two touchdown runs, and at least five of his passes were in the hands of receivers but dropped.

Mississippi started the game as though it were going to run Rice clear back to Texas. In six plays, only one of them a pass, Ole Miss had a touchdown. Gibbs, Bobby Crespiro and James Anderson riddled the right side of the overanxious Rice line, which was still stunting as Mississippi got its plays away. Then Rice settled down, got its defenses established before the ball was snapped and began to throw one scare after another at the Rebels. But each sortie ended in failure until, late in the third period, Blume skirted right end to score on fourth down. At this point Rice elected to play for a tie instead of a two-point conversion ("We were the underdogs," a coach explained), but the conversion was missed.

After the game Assistant Coach Bo Hagan said that the missed conversion came as a bad psychological blow to Rice. It may have. Mississippi took sudden heart and soon scored again as the Rice line faltered for the only time after the first four minutes of the game. But in the end it was Gibbs and not the kick that made the difference.

—JOHN WILLIAMS

AT DON ALTMAN HOLDS END HAROLD HORTON (40) AND STEVE BUTLER (94) STRETCH



The Happy Face of Pro Football

The violent face of pro football (SL, Oct. 24) in the season just ended has belonged pre-eminently to Chuck Bednarik, the 60-minute center linebacker of the Philadelphia Eagles. But after Bednarik's team beat the Green Bay Packers for the world championship a fortnight ago (page 49), the face of ferocity became the face of fun. Relaxing in the dressing room, Bednarik lit up a cigar, accepted a proffered cigarette and managed to look drunk on joy alone. Bednarik deserved his celebration. At 38, an age when most players have retired to the bench, he was the only man to play the entire game, leading the Eagle offense at center and, as linebacker on defense, making more tackles than any other man on the field. The smoke he generated in the dressing room was only a pale reminder of the fire he left on the field.

Photograph by Herb Schoffman







THE STRONG ARMS OF ARNOLD PALMER, WHICH HAVE BROUGHT GOLF A NEW ERA, ENFOLD HIS SMUGGLING DAUGHTER. ART

For dominating the game of golf with a bold determination while adding to its splendor with genuine graciousness and charm, the editors of Sports Illustrated award the Grecian amphora, a classic symbol of pure excellence, to 1960's

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR ARNOLD PALMER

by RAY CAVE

IT STARTED ON A New Year's Day, with pomp, parade, howl queues and quarterbacks in a traditional spectacle, and it ended hardly hours ago to the hush of skis across a hundred mountain slopes, the tranquillity of a year-end sunset seen from a thousand duckblinds and the last ice fisherman packing up his gear on the frozen surface of Lake Minnetonka. This was Sporting 1960.

The year was international in scope. The XVII Olympics assured that. It reached an unparalleled audience. Television saw to that. And it infected the greatest number of people ever with a desire to take part themselves in sport. Growing incomes and a world at relative peace permitted that. Sporting 1960 was dramatic, too, and some of the drama was in scenes of miserable distress:

Penny Pilos and Betsey Seita, skis askew, tumbling through a treacherous bit of Squaw Valley ice and snow called the airplane corner in the most exciting seconds of the Winter Olympics.

John Thomas, brushing the flecks of sawdust from his arm after his last futile effort at Rome, as obviously wondering how the world's best high jumper could lose the one time he wanted most to win.

And Casey Stengel—young, young Casey Stengel, fired by the Yankees for being too old, explaining bitterly, "The youth movement of America is for kids."

There was even more drama in the personal successes: proud Floyd Patterson winning the heavyweight title from jaunty

Ingemar Johansson; Vernon Law plucking the Pirates to a surprising and pleasing world championship; Navy's Joe Bellino darting through frustrated enemy lines; and the Olympians.

Yet nowhere did a 1960 sports personality command his field with quite the overwhelming ability and saturnal charm of that 31-year-old golf professional from Latrobe, Pa., Arnold Daniel Palmer.

Early last year Palmer won three tour tournaments in a row, the first time that has been done since 1952. Then in April he came from behind to win the Masters by getting birdies on the last two holes in one of his typical final-day rushes to victory.

In June he won the National Open, starting the last 18 holes with a prodigious 345-yard drive to the first green at Colorado's Cherry Hills Country Club—perhaps the single most meaningful golf shot of the year, because he then went on to score six birdies on the first seven holes and record the strongest finish in that tournament's 60-year history.

He teamed with Sam Snead to win the international Canada Cup for the U.S. in Ireland, and then lost the British Open at St. Andrews by a single stroke when another driving finish fell just short. ("I see a wee bit of Hogan in the laddie," said one discerning old Scot. "Aye, but he is a warm boy," answered his companion.)

By the end of the year Palmer had played in 27 tournaments, won eight of them, rarely finished



continued

worse than fifth. He had collected \$90,738 in prize money, an all-time record for golf earnings, beating Ted Kroll's \$72,836 in 1986.

Palmer made off with the prize money by combining the boldness of a Brinks bandit with the fearless confidence of a man on a flying trapeze, seeming to order the ball through sheer will power to get into the hole.

His concentration as he addressed a golf shot was grimly intense, yet, unlike so many of his top competitors, he didn't retreat into an apocryphal shell to maintain that concentration. It was Palmer who would sit around a clubhouse sipping a whisky and talking golf after a round, who was enough of a ham to delight in TV appearances, enough of a daredevil to fly a supersonic Navy jet and enough of a frustrated football player to throw the ball around with local high school kids.

With his golf credo—"Hit it hard"—that horrifies traditionalists, his boyish enthusiasm, his athletic good looks and irrepensible will to win, he

has dominated the game as no one has since the heyday of Ben Hogan nearly a decade ago.

Thus he has ended his sport's long wait for a fresh, vibrant personality, bringing a new age to golf: The Palmer Era. It is for this that the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* select him as Sportsman of the Year.

The son of a golf professional, Arnold Palmer was born to the links as kings are born to the purple. He is without doubt the strongest *average* hitter golf has ever known. There are few par-5 holes in the country that he cannot reach in 2. Yet so fine is his control of tee shots that he hits across the corners of the most dangerous of dogleg holes, taking short cuts no other player could risk.

At 5 feet 11 inches and 177 pounds, Palmer isn't big, but he is wonderfully coordinated, with the build of a football halfback. He has huge shoulders, outstretched arms and broad, strong hands. His waist is small (32), and his hips so narrow that he is constantly hitch, hitch, hitching at his pants as he walks. His legs are developed on the proportion of his shoulders, as col-

id and tough as a mountain climber's.

All of his powerful physique comes into play when he hits a drive, the ball leaving the tee like lead shot booming from a shotgun. The ball carries 280 yards or so, to a chorus of sound from the gallery that is predictable, instinctive and irrepensible, a long drawn-out OOOHHH.

Having hit, Palmer is down the fairway at a pace that leaves followers peering behind. He is literally racing to the next shot. His stride as much as says, "You think that shot was something? Watch this one."

His every action lets a gallery see how he feels. On good days his face has a constant about-to-smile quality, though he rarely smiles. On bad days he walks *even* faster, deep-set brown eyes glowering furiously, as if the unfortunate turn of events was a personal insult demanding immediate redress. In such circumstances he gives up hitching at his pants, and his shirttail comes out in back, a flapping banner of dismay.

Palmer doesn't play a golf course, he assaults it. "He goes right for the throat of a course," says fellow professional Jerry Barber, "and then he shakes it to death."

The cigarette so frequently in his lips (half a pack a round) is not merely dropped as Palmer prepares for a shot, it is flung aside. He looks at the green, plans his shot quickly and then turns to stare at the crowd if it is not his turn to hit. "People think I am looking for somebody," he says. "I'm not. I just don't want to look at the shot again. I've learned that the way I see it the first time is the best way for me to play it."

The way Palmer sees a shot is usually right at the hole. "Why hit a conservative shot?" he says. "When you miss it you are in just as much trouble as when you miss a bold one."

Part of Palmer's boldness stems from the knowledge that he is one of the finest get-out-of-trouble players in the business. "Some players are wonderful hitters of the ball, but they can't figure out ways to get out of trouble," says Palmer. "Eighty percent of the time there is a way. You just have to know how to look for it." He feels, properly, that what would be a gamble for others is a relatively safe shot for him.

Palmer's attitude doesn't change when he reaches the green. He crouches his body into a question mark,

TELEPHONE AT THE EAR, WINNIE PALMER CHECKS HER HUSBAND'S GOLFING SCHEDULE



stands slightly pigeon-toed and knock-kneed and hits the ball hard at the hole. He may play an entire tournament without leaving a single putt short of the hole. "I putt like I did when I was a kid," he says. "When you're a kid you're not scared of anything."

He has a monumental desire for victory. "I don't care if it's bridge [at which he bids too high, of course], gin rummy or anything else," he says. "I can't be casual about losing." He refuses to admit defeat. "I always think I have a chance to win. Until winning is absolutely impossible," says Palmer. Yet when defeat does come, Palmer appears to accept it almost stoically. The British were so much impressed with his graciousness after what must have been a deeply disappointing loss in the British Open as they were with his excellent play.

Since his attitudes won't let him be diffident or resigned about a single shot, Palmershoots Palmerallaround a golf course, and the gallery can listen in. Thus, at a recent tournament:

After a missed putt: "Fool!"

An approach left short (a sin to Palmer comparable to homicide): "Come on, stupid."

Another short approach: "You're nothing but an old maid!"

A hooked tee shot: "Dams!"

A badly hooked tee shot: "Damn, damn, damn!"

All of which is accompanied by a rapping of the offending club against the turf, an outraged stomping up the fairway and facial grimaces worthy of a wrestler.

This is not temper, for the expressive Palmer conquered his temper years ago when his father saw him throw a club in a junior tournament and threatened to end his golf career forever. Nor is it showmanship, because the words are meant for Palmer, not for the gallery. It is straightforward annoyance with an inadequate golf shot, and Palmer has no belief for inadequacy anywhere.

But he is a showman, too. He enjoys rising to an occasion so much that you might almost suspect him of playing poorly in early rounds of tournaments just to set up his dramatic finishes. Such finishes get attention, and since he was a small boy he has thrived on attention.

Arnold Palmer is the son of Mildred (Deacon) Palmer, a no-nonsense kind of native of the Pennsylvania coal



SPARKS FLYING BY HIS FACE, PALMER RESHAPES AN IRON IN HIS CHILLY WORKSHOP

and steel valleys, who in 1921 became the greenkeeper at the new nine-hole Latrobe Country Club some 36 miles east of Pittsburgh. When the Depression hit the area he was made the club professional, too, "until things got brighter." "Apparently," he now says, "they never did."

Arnold, the first of four Palmer children, was playing golf at 5, breaking 100 at 7 and constantly harassing his father or anyone else within earshot by shouting "watch me, watch me, watch me" before swinging at the ball.

When there was nobody around to watch, Arnold would indulge in an almost prophetic child's fantasy, coming up to a putt and announcing into a make-believe microphone:

"Arnold Palmer is lining up his putt here on the 72nd hole at St. Andrews, ladies and gentlemen. He pauses. The gallery is quiet. He hits

it. It's in! He's won the British Open!" For hole after hole this would continue.

Deacon Palmer's golf training of his precocious son was piecemeal, five or 10 minutes at a time sandwiched between curing the slice of a steel executive and checking the damp third green for fungus. Perhaps because it was so casual, young Arnold grew up with an unwavering interest in the game. Instead of learning to hate it as he might have done if the training had been more rigorous.

In spite of the brevity of the sessions, the elder Palmer got a precept across to his son that was outright golfing heresy. "Swing as hard as you want," Deacon Palmer said. "I was swinging so hard I'd lose my balance on every drive, and sometimes both feet would come off the ground," recalls Palmer.

Continued



DEACON PALMER (LEFT) AND SON ARNOLD WAIT TO HIT IN A MATCH AT LATROBE

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR *continued*

People indignantly or curiously asked his father why he was letting his boy swing like that. "He'll balance himself better when he gets older, and he'll hit the ball hard, too," Deacon predicted.

Palmer is sure the muscle-first approach is what has made him the golfer he is today. "Too many players learn a controlled swing first, then try to increase their distance and they can't," he says. "As a result, a lot of players don't hit the ball hard enough, and never will."

Young Palmer practiced what he was taught so hard that his father was forced to fire him as caddy master when he was 13 because Arnold kept locking up the golf shop and going out to hit drives. Yet, in the time he did spend inside his father's shop, he learned the mechanics of golf equipment, knowledge which has contributed much to his game. He began refinishing the heads of his driver and three-wood (the only woods he carries) a dull black and taking off the brand name so that nothing on the top of the club could disrupt his concentration. He also learned to rebuild clubs to suit him.

Even now he reshapes the heads of his woods himself and experiments with new sets of irons more than any touring pro.

In a way, Palmer is still dependent on his father, to whom he returns for help when anything goes wrong with his swing. Until recently their friendly matches with each other were very close, with the Deacon often having the upper hand. "I think he'd rather beat me than win a tournament," Deacon Palmer said last year. "He'd come home after winning a tournament and I'd knock him off and tell him to go out and win a bigger one."

By the time he was a student at Latrobe High School, Arnold Palmer had decided he was going to be a golf professional, and tended to be lax about studies that didn't seem to further that ambition. Sandlot football, which his family frowned upon, kept him in doctors' offices, and lunch-hour pool, which his school frowned upon, kept him in spending money. He was, he says, "a hell-raiser."

At Wake Forest College, which he attended on a golf scholarship, he continued his easy living while also becoming one of the best intercollegiate golfers of his time. Then, in

1950, his senior year, his best friend and fellow golfer, Buddy Wortham, was killed in an automobile accident after offering to drive Arnold to a dance at Duke. A shaken Palmer quit school, the first time his confident approach to life was jarred.

Enlisting in the Coast Guard, Palmer came out in 1954. Later that year he won his first major title, the National Amateur Championship. Shortly after that, during a Labor Day tournament at Shawnee-on-Deleware, Pa., he met Winifred Walker, 20, the daughter of a Bethlehem, Pa. canned goods company president. "Arnie was a pretty fast operator," remembers Winale. Three days after he met her he proposed to the sun-kissed brunette. They were married a few weeks later.

The following January Palmer started on the professional tour.

"I was ambitious as hell," he says of that first year. "It took money to play in the big tournaments, and the only way I could get the money was by winning it."

But he was playing too boldly and suffering from faults that still bother him at times, primarily weak short iron and wedge shots and occasionally hooked woods. He won only \$8,000 in 1955, improved steadily until 1958, when his first Masters victory helped him become the leading money winner of the year with \$42,696, then dropped off to \$32,446 in 1959.

The reason for the decline in winnings was ragged putting. When his

continued

GOLF IN THE PALMER FASHION

In his own words, Arnold Palmer describes on this and the following pages significant shots that he made during a major victory, the Masters, and a major defeat, the 1960 PGA.

15TH AT THE MASTERS: "A drive and a one-iron over the water left me a downhill 20-foot putt for an eagle. But the fast green worried me plenty. After this look I decided to just hit it clean."





STW AT THE MASTONS: "I was one over par here on the second day. I tried to cut this tee shot around some trees to the right, but it faded too far. The ball hit a tree, then bounced back into the fairway 100 yards from the tee. I felt kind of fortunate. I hit a wood near the green and pitched up close for a par."



STW AT THE PGA: "The last day left. I still had thoughts of winning, but I needed better luck. My drive hit in the fairway but kicked into the rough. The grass was damn thick and the ball was sitting down quite deep. I couldn't really get a dab on it. I used a nine-iron. The ball sort of floated out toward the green. A good pitch shot saved a par."



2ND AT THE MASTERS: "A hooked tee shot on the second day put me deep in the woods, my worst trouble of the whole tournament. I had to turn to miss a tree on my backswing. Then I hit a full four-iron off the dirt road. I kept it low to go under some jagged pine branches and got it well into the fairway. The shot allowed me to make an easy par 5."

7TH AT THE PGA: "This is a long par 5. I tried to punch a two-iron into the green on the last day. The ball hung up on the right side and fell into the trap. I had a good lie in firm sand. I blasted within three feet of the hole for a par. But at this point in the tournament only birdies would have helped me."

continued





18TH AT THE PGA: "I had just birdied 31 on the final day and was thinking I was still in the game. My tee shot was a fair five-iron about 22 feet to the right of the hole. I hit the putt real well and was waiting for it to suddenly break down into the cup. It never did."

putting improved in early 1960, Arnold Palmer had arrived as golf's best.

New it was "watch me, watch me, watch me" for real.

In one tournament last fall he hit a ball into a nearly impossible lie behind a green. "Palmer is in a little trouble here on 15," said a true-to-life radio announcer in a husky voice that carried out over the tense, silent gallery. "You can tell them Arnold Palmer is in an awful lot of trouble," said Palmer, his forelock bobbing impudently. The gallery laughed. Then, stage set, he hit the ball two inches from the hole. It was more than a golf shot, it was a magnificent production. "You might as well face it: Arnie is a hero," said Winnie Palmer when told of the shot.

Her or not, Palmer's uncanny ability to sink winning shots has given birth to a new verb in golfing circles—"to Palmer." When a pro tells of sinking a chip shot, for example, he may say, "I Palmered it right in." The word carries an implication of 1) laudable skill and 2) a smidgen of good fortune.

Because he Palmered in so many golf shots, Arnold's three-bedroom white ranch house overlooking his father's course near Latrobe has become the focal point of a hectic sporting enterprise.

Winnie is in charge of the two blonde Palmer girls, Peggy, 4, and Amy, 2, and the telephone. The telephone is the most demanding. Its ringing marks the stream of requests for Palmer's services, some blithely brush, others pleasantly promising. The ones he and Mark McCormack, his business manager and lawyer, accept amount to a cornucopia of lucrative enterprises that pushed Palmer's 1960 income up to \$190,000.

Last year Palmer played 22 exhibitions at an average of \$1,500 each. A company brought out a line of golf clothes in his name, another started an Arnold Palmer golf shoe. He collects royalties on sales of his Wilson golf clubs, endorses Meringue golf shirts, L&M cigarettes and Helms out-sip. He is part owner of an electric golf car company. His weekly newspaper column, *The Palmer Method*, is becoming a daily piece, and his first golf instructional book is being published. Among projects which he may become associated with soon are a

chain of golf courses, a variety of golf-practice devices, golf toys and even an Arnold Palmer bag repellent.

Palmer's popularity has even enabled him to exercise directly his yen for showmanship. He has appeared on *War's My Line?* (they guessed it), *Maneater Party* (no did they) and *The Perry Como Show*.

His schedule is so crowded as a first tee on Sunday. In one nine-day period last summer he played golf or held business meetings successively in Connecticut, Long Island, upstate New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana. During this time he shot three 66s and three 68s.

Only the pursuit of his latest hobby, flying, has allowed him to keep up the frantic pace that success has brought. Palmer is an accomplished but as yet unlicensed pilot. Taking a commercial pilot along in the twin-engine aircraft he likes to rent, he has in recent months logged 200 hours of flying time, some of it in weather that would have grounded a duck. He often invites the touring pros to fly with him, but gets only one taker, fellow Pennsylvanian Art Wall.

A power slick at 650 mph

His enthusiasm for flying is bounded by no speed limits. At Pensacola this spring Palmer badgered a pilot from the Navy's Blue Angels stunt team to take him up in a two-seater P-Nine-F jet so that he could fly it.

"We're 50 feet off the ground and the pilot says, 'All yours, Arnie,'" Palmer recalled before a gruffful of listeners at a tournament last fall. "The first thing I know, I've got her in a 60° turn. We gain some altitude, and the pilot tells me how to roll her. I give her a little flip, and there we go, corkerbarreling across Florida."

And there goes Palmer, too, setting down his Seagram's V.O. on the rocks, waving his arms with more verve than he ever puts into the description of a golf shot.

"We get up to 20,000 feet and the pilot says, 'Point her straight down and I'll pull her out.' So I stick her nose at the beach and down we go at 650 mph. We pulled out at 50 feet."

Palmer ends his story with less zeal. The Navy pilot, whom he got to know well, was killed when the same plane crashed the day after Arnie won the Masters last April.

There are other things Palmer does

which such a sports celebrity could think twice about, i.e., working with power tools, playing baseball and football with local kids, Indian wrestling and crossing Fifth Avenue against the light.

Considering his derring on a golf course, all this is understandable. But there is a streak of western Pennsylvania conservatism in him, too.

Winnie is not permitted to wear fingernail polish, dyed hair is a Palmer anathema, and when he built his house three years ago it was too small because he insisted on paying for it with cash. Since then a den, a garage and a full finished basement have been added.

On the less conservative side, he has owned 17 automobiles in five years, from a watermelon Ford to a white Cadillac, and he is a lavish tipper. He paid his U.S. Open caddy \$1,500.

Arnold Palmer's intense desire to win every tournament he plays has not diminished with successive victories but remains as firm as ever. He is now especially eager to win the British Open, and talks of trying to capture the Open of every country which holds such an event. (There are 24 of them.) "Money is not as important to me as championships," he has said.

In a sense, Palmer is an amateur in a professional sport. The business sidelines that have developed as he prospered frankly bore him. He has shrugged off his success in his matter-of-fact fashion, enjoying it but hardly reveling in it. Recently he went to a high school football game in Huntington, W. Va. "Nobody will know me here," he said happily to a friend, a little bit of the old hell-raiser's spirit in his voice. "We'll walk around down by the end zone and if anybody comes over I'll say I'm a scout from Wake Forest and you say you're a scout from Maryland."

Minutes later a youngster in a football uniform came running up. Arnold Palmer put on his best scout-from-Wake-Forest look. "Yes, son?" he said importantly. "Excuse me," said the boy, holding out a crumpled popcorn bag, "but would you autograph this for me, Mr. Palmer?"

For other Sportsmen of 1960, see page 34

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for play



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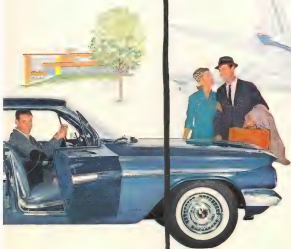
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OTHERS WORTHY OF HONOR

If the Olympics provided no incontrovertible hero for 1960, the Games did provide, at least in U.S. eyes, an incontrovertible heroine, Wilma Rudolph. Slender Skooter Rudolph, the fastest of that team of Tennessee State girls called the Tiger Belles, was an international sensation as she won the 100- and 200-meter dashes and anchored the U.S. 400-meter relay team to victory at Rome. Her long, smooth stride left all opposition behind in the red-brown dust of the Olympic track. Not since Fanny Blankers-Koen of The Netherlands had there been such an Olympic heroine, and not since Babe Didrikson in 1932 had an American woman track star done so well.

Wilma's victories delighted a country long accustomed to seeing solid and stolid Russian and European women dominate the Olympic events. With her lissome grace and warm smile, Wilma was not only a winner, she was delightfully American as well.

If Wilma was unquestionably the best in her specialty, the selection of her counterparts in many other sports was not nearly so simple.

In baseball this was the year that "Best 'Em Bucs" became the biggest rallying cry since Teddy Roosevelt's "Charge." The Bucs never would have beat the 'ens, however, without Dick Great to lead them into battle, minuscule ElRoy Face to lead them out again and, most dramatically of all, boyish Bill Mazeroski to hit the home run that ended the 1960 baseball season. Ted

Williams hit a glorious home run too. His last time at bat—ever.

The year before, when his team had a 2 and 7 record, they hung Minnesota Football Coach Murray Warmath in effigy, but his tough and determined 1960 team surprisingly

Basketball's highest performance came from towering Wilt Chamberlain, who smashed pro scoring records by throwing ball after ball down through the hoop. Agile Oscar Robertson led the college scorers, helped the U.S. Olympic team to victory

and then became a pro with the most impressive debut since—well, Wilt Chamberlain.

Hockey's ragged nonpareil, Maurice Richard, pleased all goalies by quitting, but another older, Gordie Howe, broke all-time scoring marks, and a youngster, Bobby Hull, looked good enough to do the same one day.

Speed sports saw Donald Campbell crash his turbojet car at 345 mph, and not retire; Stirling Moss, auto racing's brave ball, crash at 120 mph, and not retire; and Mira Slovák wreck a hydroplane at 160 mph. He did retire—for two months.

There was speed to spare among swimmers, too, with the youthful likes of Mike Troy, Chris von Saltin and Lynn Burke setting records by the poolful. And this was the year that lovely Carol Heiss danced to a championship on ice; that scrappy Denise Beman scram-

bled to one on a golf course; and that a fat, happy Dutchman, Willem Geensen, won international honors behind his big black trotter, Hairos II.

Bearing all these outstanding performances well in mind, we give you in the next five pages the 15 sports figures who with Wilma Rudolph make a fitting gallery of runners-up to Arnold Palmer, Sportsman of the Year.

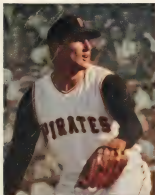




JOE O'BRIEN, HARBNESS RACING. This very quiet, very short and very clever horseman took a 3-year-old colt with hoof trouble, Blane Hanover, and led him, with patience and only the slightest hopes of winning, to the Hambletonian. Ignoring the odds against him, O'Brien drove Blane to a four-heat victory over the best.



FLOYD PATTERSON, BOXING. When, with a fire burning in his head and in his dark, purposeful fists, Patterson knocked out Ingemar Johansson in the fifth round, he became more than the first man ever to regain the heavyweight championship of the world; in those few minutes he came of age as a man, a fighter and a hero.



YERROW LAW, BASEBALL. On a team of team players, no one was more willing than this 20-year-old Maroon sizer. Pitching in and out of turn, he started 33 games, won 29, beat the tough teams and pitched the Pirates to their first pennant in 33 years. Finally, on an injured ankle, he twice beat the Yankees in the Series.



JACK NICKLAUS, GOLF. Twenty-year-old Jack was the Arnold Palmer of amateur golf and, next to Palmer, the most talked-about golfer of the year. His 282 in the U.S. Open was second to Palmer's 290 and a record low for an amateur. His 289 at Merion in the World Amateur recalled to followers Bobby Jones's Slam of 1930.

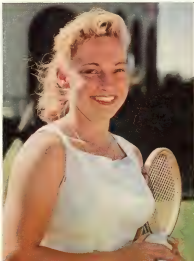


EVERETT GRISHIN, WINTER SPORTS.

At Squaw Valley the athletes did far more than win medals. They enjoyed themselves, and they enjoyed one another. The friendliest and most charming man at the Games was Russia's speed skater (two gold medals), Grishin, whose warm and open ways helped make the 1960 Winter Games the most successful ever held.

DARLENE HARD, TENNIS.

Last September Darlene finally won the women's national singles title. The honey 25-year-old Californian had previously reached the semifinals three times and the finals once, and it was beginning to look as if she was doomed to second-class status for life. But on her eighth try, Darlene defeated Maria Bueno and made it.





JACK BRABHAM, MOTOR SPORTS. In winning his second straight world championship, this cool Australian proved himself to be one of the fastest, most scientific road racing drivers ever. Entirely sensible, he never overstrained his British Coopers, never drove faster than necessary to win.



JOE BELLINO, FOOTBALL. Every enemy defense was keyed against him, yet the chunky Navy halfback with the pistonlike legs scored 110 points, ran for 834 yards, threw and caught passes, quick-kicked, blocked and tackled. To him, All-America was less important than a tribute paid him by his teammates: "It is a privilege to play with Joe Bellino."



JEFF FARRELL, SWIMMING. As the packed Detroit galleries looked on in uneasy disbelief, this 23-year-old Kansas, who only six days before had been operated on for appendicitis, competed in the U.S. Olympic trials. On his sixth and final try he made the team, and three weeks later in Rome anchored both U.S. relay teams to Olympic and world records.

CONTINUED

WORMAN VAN BROCKLIN, PRO FOOTBALL.

Ever since he came to the Los Angeles Rams in 1945, the quiet, cheerful tactician now with the Philadelphia Eagles has been one of pro football's two or three best quarterbacks. An accurate passer and a brilliant strategist who calls his own plays, he also has, in abundance, that air of authority which is essential to leadership. No player now playing in the National Football League is more respected by his fellow craftsmen.



J. D. SCHAPIRO, HORSE RACING.

The Washington, D.C. International, which seeks to bring together the best race horses in the world, acquired in its sixth renewal total recognition as a unique event, and the credit for this belongs to John Schapiro, president of Maryland's Laurel Race Course and for years a devoted champion of international Thoroughbred competition.



JACK RILEY, HOCKEY. Imaginative and pioneering, Coach Jack Riley built, molded and patched together a team of amateur U.S. skaters who upset Canada and U.S.S.R. and scored a startling Winter Olympics victory.



FRANCIS CHICKESTER, YACHTING. Alone in his 33-foot Gipsy Moth III this British newspaper-seller, a vigorous 55, battled a succession of storms to win the Bloem's Society's first transatlantic solo sailing race.



RAIMONDO D'AMICO, HORSE SHOWS. No other show jumping rider was even close to the daring Italian army reserve officer who captured the Olympic gold medal, then, for the second time, won the world championship.



PETE NEWELL, BASKETBALL. One of the finest leaders of young men in sport and a brilliant tactical innovator, Newell ended a distinguished career at California by coaching the U.S. Olympic team to victory at Rome.



PLANNED RETURN of kickoff had Dean (33) taking ball, then holding up for instant (solid line) while Tim Brown (32) raced in to lead way as Eagles blocked out defenders (dashed center).



ON KICKOFF RETURN THAT PRECEDED WINNING TOUCHDOWN, TED DEAN (33) IS LED THROUGH CHUTE BY TIM BROWN (32) AS PACKER

A spectacular kickoff return in the first quarter set up the Philadelphia Eagles' first world championship in 11 years, but a stubborn unyielding defense made the run count

IT WAS a day for the old, the bold and the wise. The Philadelphia Eagles, in the positions that count most—quarterback, linebacker and defensive backs—are an elderly, intelligent team; the Green Bay Packers in the same positions are equally intelligent but younger. By the end of the bright December afternoon in Philadelphia, the seasoned wisdom of age had trumped over the bold wisdom of youth, and the Philadelphia Eagles were the champions of the football world with a 17-13 victory over Green Bay.

The climactic moment came late, but it was not unexpected. One spectacular, well-devised kickoff return *alone* set up the Eagles' game-winning touchdown. Ted Dean, a rookie

with the glacial calm of the Eagles' own Norm Van Brocklin, ran the ball back all the way to the Packer 39-yard line. He managed this on the strength of a kickoff-return play built into the Eagles' system by Head Coach Huck Shaw in only 16 minutes a couple of days before the game. The play was devised by Assistant Coach Charley Gasser, the same man who a few weeks earlier had put in the fake halfback trap play that brought two touchdowns and victory over the New York Giants (SI, Dec. 5). Gasser had noted that two men on the right side of the Packer kickoff team were fast and one was slow. Setting up special blocks, the Eagles opened a long, wide chute for Dean, who held up momentarily until blocker Tim

Brown could get out ahead of him, then rolled 58 yards down the field.

It was a brilliant play, and certainly the key that unlocked the last door for the Eagles. From the Packers' 39, Van Brocklin, at his competent best, fooled the Packer defense. Rehearsing his strong passing game, except for a short shovel to Billy Barnes, he gained with running plays, Dean diving over from the five for the winning touchdown.

Before Dean's kickoff rushback, it was the Eagles' not-so-spectacular but equally well-devised defense that laid the groundwork for victory. True, the weather may have helped the Eagles. The field, which had lain frozen for a week, thawed just enough to make it slippery, and the powerful Green Bay runners—Jim Taylor, Paul Hornung and Tom Moore—peeled rubber when they tried to take off. But they were handicapped much more severely by that astute Philadelphia defensive platoon.

A big run wins for a big defense



DEFENDERS (SEE DIAGRAM UPPER LEFT) ARE LEVELED BY EAGLE BLOCKERS

"We gave them the outside," said Chuck Bednarik, the ancient Eagle corner linebacker and offensive center. "Their runners are tough but they are not too fast. We didn't want them hunting up the middle, so we moved the middle off. We wanted to force Hornung to go outside, for instance. He's a hell of a cutback runner—he likes to start wide, then cut back over the tackle. The pursuit hasn't got time to get to him when he cuts back, so we made sure there wasn't any hole for the cutback and figured we could get him on the sideline."

This strategy worked very well. The Packer runners did break loose now and then, but the Eagle defensive line, not regarded as the best in the league, tried stunts for much of the game and just often enough they worked. When they didn't, the Eagles looked bad. A Packer blocker, moving in to take an Eagle tackle to the outside, would find him already moving

away. Taylor or Hornung whanged through the resulting holes for long gains. But, over-all, the Eagles guessed right more often than did the Packers.

That they were doing so became evident very early. In the first quarter the Packers twice recovered fumbles around the Eagle 20-yard line, yet came up with only three points (they later scored three more on a field goal). Once, for the first time this year, the Packers were stopped from a first down inside the Eagle 10. It was clear then that this was a day for the Eagles.

An Eagle offensive tackle put it succinctly: "Somehow I knew in the first few plays we would win the game. You got to feel it after a while." Van Brocklin seconded his feeling. "After they missed early in the game," the quarterback said, "I knew we would win. I didn't know how or when but I knew we would. It was just a question of time."

When the beautifully executed Eagle defense, designed to deny the Packers their ground strength, worked, the issue was decided. The Packers could no longer depend upon their very strong runners and they were forced to throw the ball, playing the game the Eagles wanted them to play. Unfortunately for the Packers, they were throwing into the strongest pass defense in the league. Although their quarterback, Bart Starr, threw very well, the game was in the bag.

The Packers had one chance, late in the third quarter. John Symank, a bright, alert safety man, gambled by leaving his man in the end zone and picked off a Van Brocklin pass ticketed for Tommy McDonald. Cheered by this interception, the Packers marched for their only touchdown, going ahead 13-10 with some nine minutes left to play. Then came Dunn's kickoff return and victory for the Eagles.

FOR AFL CHAMPIONSHIP, TURN PAGE

A big pass wins in a new league

THE American Football League wound up its first season with a good football game. The Houston Oilers, led by a smart, aggressive quarterback, a pair of strong young runners and some enthusiastic pass receivers, won 24-16 over the Los Angeles Chargers. More important to the league, whose woes have been more fiscal than physical, 32,188 people paid to watch the game—the biggest paid crowd in the short history of the AFL.

George Blanda, who played for a long time with the Chicago Bears, was the quarterback of the Houston team, and he used the tools at his command with a veteran's skill. He completed 16 of 32 passes against a defense which, on occasion, erred grievously, and none of his throws were intercepted. He used his strong young running backs sparingly, but at the right times. Billy Cannon, who

was the prize in a preseason suit between the Oilers and the NFL Los Angeles Rams, proved his worth by running indelotigably. Dave Smith, a useful, if small, fullback, also performed well.

But it was Blanda who made the difference in this game. The key play was an 88-yard pass from Blanda to Cannon early in the fourth period. It came on third down, in the face of an extremely aggressive Charger defense that seemed to have taken control of the game.

"They played us very tight," Blanda said later. "They had the corner back and the safety up real close, and I knew the play was there. You know, Billy Cannon is very fast. I figured he could get a step on Jim Sears, the safety. Sears was isolated on Cannon in this up-close defense, and Cannon went by him and got

the step, and all I had to do was hang the ball up there for him." Cannon caught the pass at midfield and outran Sears for the touchdown.

That wasn't the end, however. A little later Houston drove to the Charger one-yard line, where on fourth down they had inches to go for a first down. A field goal would have put them ahead 27-16—beyond imaginable reach. But the Oilers elected to go for the first down on the Charger one, and they missed. The Chargers, exhilarated by the heroism of the defensive platoons, marched downfield confidently. The Oilers finally stopped them on the Houston 22 with just a minute left to play.

"We scored four times on this club on wedges inside the five," Blanda explained. "We figured Volney Peters [a tackle] was the weak spot in their defensive line and that Fred Wallner [offensive guard and line coach] could move him. You have to try what you feel sure you can do. I called the play, and they closed every one down to the middle and pinched off the hole."

It was a wild, harum-scarum game, marred by frequent fights on the field that reflected the animosity the two coaches—Sid Gillman of the Chargers and Lou Rymkus, a disregarded assistant to Gillman on the Rams in 1958 and 1960—feel toward one another. But the two teams looked far better than the rather undisciplined clubs that began the season. Paul Lowe, a thin, quick halfback for Los Angeles, ran beautifully all day. Jack Kemp, the Charger quarterback, threw well enough but was handicapped by receivers who fished the ball like intoxicated jugglers. ("If we had been catching the ball in the first half," Gillman said after the game, "their pass defense would not have looked so good." He was right.) The defenses on both sides left inviting gaps from time to time, but both teams played fiercely and well enough for the most part.

On the basis of this game, it may be said the AFL is on the way. **END**

MATTY OWEN AND ADAMS OF OILERS HAS BIG HELLO FOR GIMMY CANNON AFTER GAME



WILSON STAFF

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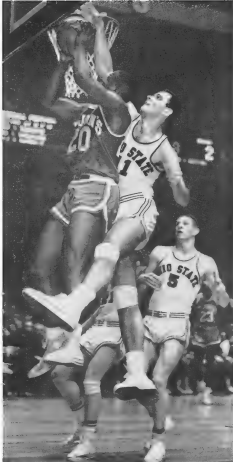
We are understandably proud that Arnold Palmer, a member of Wilson's "Staff of Champions," was elected "Professional Golfer of the Year." In winning the Masters', the Open and other major tournaments, Arnold Palmer used a Wilson Staff ball exclusively. "For my money," says Palmer, "Wilson Staff is the ball of the year. I always play to win with Wilson."



What it takes

THE best college basketball player in the country, Jerry Lucas of Ohio State, led his team into Madison Square Garden's Holiday Festival last week and to victory over the nation's second-best team, St. John's. It was both a superbly played game and a preview of a highly probable meeting between these two teams in the NCAA championship next March. In his deadpan, seemingly effortless way, Lucas was implacable defensively (left) and unstoppable on offense (right). This poised, graceful youngster cannot be described adequately

SURPRISE ATTACK From the rear by OSU's beating Larry Siegfried, who cracks ball out



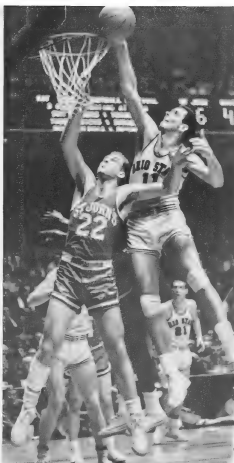
ON THE DEFENSIVE. Ohio State's Jerry Lucas smotheres layup attempt by St. John's Forward Willie Hall. He did this repeatedly to rival shooters and drivers.



to be tops

by the term All-America. He is one of the very finest players the game has yet seen, and his team provides a perfectly balanced supporting cast. Still, St. John's, playing cautiously and defending well, had a half-time lead of 19 points, chiefly because of Tony Jackson's outside shooting. In the second half Ohio State put on an aggressive zone defense that rattled St. John's and forced them into many errors. Lucas did the rest, floating in soft hooks, blocking shots and controlling the rebounds. State, best team in the land, won 70-66. **END**

of Tony Jackson's grasp, leaves St. John's top center empty-handed and open-mouthed.



ON THE OFFENSIVE, Lucas' seven graceful layups over reaching hands and snaking elbows of St. John's Center Gary Marman, deftly tips in two of his 23 points.





MEN LIKE GODS

by ALEXANDER ELJOT

Striding, leaping, running, the athletes of ancient Greece were immortalized, in bronze that breathes and marble that ripples, by sculptors whose art has never been surpassed. In the following pages a noted art critic and sportsman re-creates the spirit of an age that believed its athletes—more than other men—approached the perfection Greece attributed to its gods

*Single in the race, single
Of men and of gods;
From a single mother we both draw breath,
But a difference of power in everything
Keeps us apart . . .
Yet we can in greatness of mind
Or of body be like the immortals,
Though we know not to what goal . . .
Fate has written that we shall run.*

In these opening lines of a victory ode, the ancient Greek poet Pindar caught the whole meaning of classical religion once and for all. The Greek gods were exuberantly young; they were swift, powerful, passionate and radiant with the light of immortal grace. And the Greeks believed that, at certain moments of great striving, mortal men could overcome "the difference of power in everything" that kept them apart from the gods. Such opportunities for what the Greeks called *arete* came in battle and, especially, in sports.

Arete is often translated to mean "excellence," but it implies a great deal more than being first and best. *Arete*, in any endeavor, carries with it the unmistakable bloom of perfection, a striving for more than human accomplishment under conditions of great stress. As such, it is the standard against which great performances in sports should be measured and it is the standard used for the selection of Sports Illustrated's Sportman of the Year (see page 27). *Arete* was the sunshine of the Greek soul, the key to the spirit of classical Greece. And the key to Greek sculpture is *arete* of the body: it aims to show men moving perfectly—striding, leaping, running, wrestling in the clear light of Greece—as the gods themselves might move.

Pindar's words show why Greek statues of gods and athletes often seem interchangeable. For the Greek sculptors, some of whose few remaining masterpieces are presented in these pages, set themselves the task of rendering immortal the fleeting perfection achieved by the heroes of their games.

Ironically, their monuments of men outlived the gods themselves. The great Greek sculptors knew how to pour flashes of the spirit into cold forms and breathe life into stiffness. They shaped dead matter to eternal life itself. No other sculptors ever surpassed them, and only a few have approached their genius.

If Greek sculptors strove for perfection, so did their athletes. Their aim was to perform like gods. This could be achieved only at moments, through disciplined

training, coupled with a god's assistance during competition. Godlikeness was the athlete's goal, and victory merely the proof of its accomplishment.

Not long ago a prizefighter in the ring at the Boston Arena threw off his robe—to discover that he had left his trunks in the dressing room. One pictures him squirming under the kilog lights, surrounded by a vast astonished hush. Then a hurricane of laughter comes suddenly crashing about his ears. It must have been a right-time occasion for the fighter: something to remember, sweating, in the dark watches of the night. Contrast this comedy with the solemn parade of athletes at the classical Olympics, where nudity was the rule. In Greece nudity and exercise went together, for the very good reason that to feel pulled together is the buff one must be in trim. An athletic stripped can look more pulled together than a knight in armor or Cary Grant in tails. At the classical Olympic games, which were inaugurated as a regular four-year event in 776 B.C., no one except the contestants from Greek cities of Asia Minor, who were influenced by Persian ideas of modesty, wore so much as a loincloth. This is why statues of athletes, commissioned to commemorate a singular feat during Olympian games, are of nude men.

The Greek freedom from clothes did not extend to women except in the isolated case of Spartan maidens. Herodotus, the first great historian, stuffily remarked that "women remove their modesty with their garments." Plato got nowhere suggesting that they be required to train their bodies lifelong in the nude beside the men. Of goddesses, Aphrodite alone was represented in the nude. She was the goddess of love, and her statues look it.

No female figures are included in this survey because there are extant none of the first quality that can be called athletic. Both Artemis and Athena were supremely athletic, of course, and these virgin deities

"Kouros," or "Youth," is magnificent example of archaic sculpture that combined stylized severity of Egyptian carvings with athletic spirit of Greece.

were honored with hundreds of splendid images in marble, bronze and "chryselephane" (ivory and gold combined). But little is left of them beyond the turn of a slim ankle or a flowing tunic.

The Olympics were the great occasion for Greek men to achieve perfection of physical grace, to strive toward the fulfillment of all that they believed to be godlike in man. By the sixth century Greek colonies as far away as Marseille were sending contestants home. Soon rival games came to be instituted in honor of Apollo at Delphi, Poseidon at Corinth and Zeus at Nemea. As President-elect Kennedy pointed out last week (*The Soft American*), the games were times of truce that took precedence over all emergencies, even including the Persian invasions and the Peloponnesian war. While Sparta's brave Three Hundred fought and died at Thermopylae, the Olympics went into session on schedule.

The games included foot, horse and chariot races galore. Greek soldiers customarily raced into battle (which took the Persians aback at Marathon), and so one greeking foot race at Olympia was run fully armed. Boxing favored the biggest men; it allowed no division into weight classes, no rests between rounds and no hitting below the neck; decisions were by knockout or TKO only. The *pauastion* was even more savage: a bare-handed fight with no holds barred. If our professional wrestlers were in earnest (perish the thought!), their performances would be just like those in the *pauastion*. More popular, at least among the participants, was a form of wrestling that stressed agility, the object being not to maim or even pin one's man, but simply to throw him. At the apex of the games stood its most demanding contest, the pentathlon, which combined wrestling with four other events: discus, javelin, broad jump and sprint. Only a man who swept all five events of the pentathlon, it was said, merited a statue. For, until the days of their decline,

(continued)



the Greeks believed that only an all-round athlete, superior in every respect, could be truly godlike, and they meant their monuments to honor not just men, but gods.

For the ancients, art and athletics were but two sides of a single blessing granted by the gods. Homer's famous descriptions of Achilles' shield and Alcibiades' palace prove the Greeks to have been lovers of fine things right from the start. Theirs was a nation blessed with brilliant artisans in bronze, ivory, silver and gold. But Greece appears to have produced no full-scale statues until the seventh century B.C., when Egypt taught her how. The Pharaoh Psammetichos had invited the Greeks to build a trading center, Naukratis, on the delta of the Nile. Exploring the ancient land from there, the Greek visitors were greatly impressed with Egypt's monumental carvings in stone. Back home they commissioned their own ivory carvers to make similar things in native marble.

The two marbles and four bronzes shown herewith are all Greek originals superb in quality. Such a selec-

tion would not have been possible 50 years ago, when students had to make do for the most part with Roman copies or pieces of the same. (Masterpieces are inimitable; they cannot be copied successfully.) These originals are all in good condition, furthermore, except that one lacks an arm. Most of them were discovered in Greece in our time, thanks to modern archaeology.

The first results of the Greeks' attempts to emulate the great sculpture they had seen in Egypt were statues of the so-called *Kouros* (Youth) type. The best of these, shown on page 49, was discovered on the island of Melos and now stands in the Athens museum. The bare marble in gray museum light unfortunately gives but a faded notion of the vanished reality, for once it stood outdoors, stained plum-red and waxed. Eyes, lips and hair were painted also, in primary colors appropriate to the brilliant Greek sunshine.

If the statue's debt to Egyptian models is obvious, so are its Greek innovations. In Egypt only slaves went naked. By contrast, this aristocratic figure is entirely nude. Secondly, the storied "archaic smile" illumina-



the statue, as if it were bringing good news from the happy gods. Finally, the Egyptian set rule of human proportions has been thrown overboard to produce a younger, stronger, springier, deeper-breathing, more athletic figure.

It makes one think of Pindar's prayer for foot racers: "Grant them with feet so light to pass through life!"

Sculptors of the next century, the sixth, excelled at bas-relief. Prize examples at Athens, which at one time adorned the pedestals of statues long since lost, depict a Rugbylike scrimmage with a small ball, wrestling and something the books call *hecky* although it probably was lacrosse.

Strange as it may seem, the ancients played a kind of lacrosse long before the North American Indians reinvented it. A classical writer described the game: "Each player has in his right hand a racket ending in a sort of flat bend whose center is woven with gut plaited like a net. Each side strives to be the first to drive the ball to the opposite end of the ground from

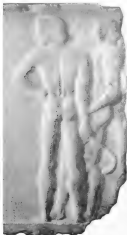
its own." In the bas-relief shown here the carver shows the rackets in profile only, like the faces of the players themselves, because he has not the trick of preserving such things frontally. The illusion of deep space also was lacking from sixth century bas-relief: action took place literally on a narrow stage. The limitation made for artistic unity on the whole, but problems of perspective did arise.

When in doubt, the artists of the period invariably fell back on handsome, semi-abstract conventions. Unable to carve hair as it actually grows and flows, they settled for bushy or helmetlike approximations. Landscape they simply ignored, but the flat backgrounds of their bas-reliefs were painted to represent the sky. The art of these bas-reliefs mingles poetry and prose: precise conventions clashing with exact descriptions. Not until the succeeding century, the golden age of Greek sculpture, did the two merge perfectly.

The *Charioteer* on page 52 is all that remains of a life-size bronze that once included the chariot and four horses besides. In ancient times as now, the men who raced fast horses were less honored than the men who owned them: racing has always been the sport of kings, or millionaires, and it was one such victor who commissioned this thank offering to Apollo. He brought it to the treasury of the god at Delphi, where it remains today. The figure is complete except for one arm. The remaining hand still clutches the reins of the horses—which must have been wrenched free by some far-clad barbaric invader. The horses and chariot, doubtless, were melted down in a dark age to make armor, bullets or pots. By some miracle the figure, a revelation in itself, was spared.

Stillness is the statue's chief quality, stillness elevated to an essential virtue. The *Charioteer* moves no more than need be, yet the still grace of his stance sufficiently hints at all that he might do with four mettlesome horses in the dust and clangor of a crowded turf. In pose he resembles a high diver or a fencing master or an acrobat, or a young tree that raises its green crest straight against the wind.

continued



Sixth century B.C. bas-relief shows game which looks like field hockey but which, on new evidence, seems to be Greek version of lacrosse played with gut-webbed sticks.

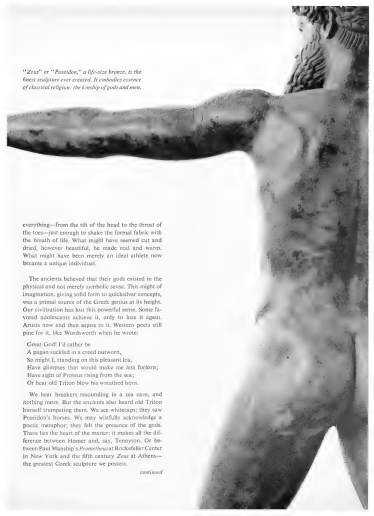


"Chariteos" was once part of larger group, the group of a lucky horse owner to Apollo. It marks the transition from archaic to classical period.



There are two clues as to how this extraordinary grace was achieved, one technical and the other philosophical. First the technical point; it is now realized that the model for the *Chariteos* must have been carved in wood. A clay mold was made from the model, and the solid bronze cast therein. Afterwards the bronze was elaborately chased. The youth's diadem was gilded with silver, he received separate bronze eyelashes and onyx eyes with enameled whites, his lips were inlaid with red copper. Yet all this fine work served only to enhance the still finer simplicity of the artist's conception, which sprang straight from his sensitive use of wood. The *Chariteos* stands like a young tree because he came from a tree.

The second clue rests in the old philosophical problem of the One and the Many. Archaic sculptors strove to produce and reproduce one perfect type of man. These were distinct formulas for carving his ears, eyes, nose, mouth, hair, hands, drapery—everything, in fact. This made for strong, arbitrary patterns, as in formal poetry. It meant constant reiteration of single archetypal forms underlying nature's infinite variety. Archaic sculptors grasped the principle of the One but not of the Many; they ignored the little differences that make each person unique; they showed ideal man in various poses but never individual men. Then came the creator of the *Chariteos*, early in the fifth century B.C., and gathered both these principles in his hands. This marked the transition from archaic to classical Greek sculpture. The artist retained the traditional, semi-abstract patterning of hair, face and tunic; he composed the entire figure with practically mathematical exactitude. Yet, on the other hand, he changed



"Zeus" or "Poseidon," a life-size bronze, is the finest sculpture ever created. It embodies essence of classical religion: the kinship of gods and men.

everything—from the tilt of the head to the thrust of the toes—just enough to shake the formal fabric with the breath of life. What might have seemed cut and dried, however beautiful, he made real and warm. What might have been merely an ideal athlete now became a unique individual.

The ancients believed that their gods existed in the physical and not merely symbolic sense. This might of imagination, giving solid form to quicksilver concepts, was a primal source of the Greek genius at its height. Our civilization has lost this powerful sense. Some favored adolescents achieve it, only to lose it again. Artists now and then aspire to it. Western poets still pine for it, like Wordsworth when he wrote:

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

We hear breakers resounding in a sea cave, and nothing more. But the ancients also heard old Triton himself trumpeting there. We see whitecaps; they saw Poseidon's horses. We may wistfully acknowledge a poetic metaphor; they felt the presence of the gods. There lies the heart of the matter: it makes all the difference between Homer and, say, Tennyson. Or between Paul Manship's *Proteus* at Rockefeller Center in New York and the fifth century *Zeus* at Athens—the greatest Greek sculpture we possess.

continued

This life-size bronze, shown on page 53, was found in the sea off Artemision. The circumstance may have helped to persuade people, by an unconscious process of analogy, that it represents Poseidon Earth-shaker, god of the wine-dark sea. The statue, at any rate, is generally labeled Poseidon, and the guides will tell you that it once held a trident ready to hurl like a javelin. But the trident, Poseidon's invariable attribute, was a classical equivalent of the modern tunny fork, or fisherman's spear; it was meant for thrusting, not for throwing. The traditional thunderbolt of cloud-gathering Zeus fits the position much better.

Furthermore, the same Athens museum contains a statuette of Zeus that must have been modeled on this masterpiece, still brandishing the thunderbolt. It appears from this statuette that the ancients imagined the thunderbolt as a kind of blossoming cudgel. Doubtless a cudgel rocketing about the sky would make better thunder than would a mere bright jagged line, and its blossoms might well signify the fructifying force of the storms that Zeus in his anger wrought.

Ancient doctors maintained that the best years for begetting children lay between the ages of 30 and 55, the prime life for active men. Presumably Zeus falls within those age limits, since he was Father of the Gods. His striding form is electric with young, self-renewing energy. His image seems no more "sexual" than that of a lion or fighting bull, yet it does radiate virility. His face, shown in detail on page 46, looks impassive and implacable. He is swift as an eagle, firm as an oak, fine-drawn as a spider's web, smooth as a wave, tall as a hill—divine, in fact.

The statue was intended not only as an object of worship but also as an inspiration to men. Remove the imagined thunderbolt, picture a javelin balanced there instead, and one sees a mortal warrior or an athlete in the games. The god resembles a man, who resembles a god. Here dissolves the "difference of power in everything" that separates men from the gods. Here sculpture makes manifest precisely what Pindar proclaimed:

Yet we can in greatness of mind
Or of body be like the immortals.

War between Athens and Sparta brought the brilliant fifth century to a ruinous close. Men no longer kept faith with their gods. Philosophy and science soared, since the owl of Athena, wisdom's bird, "flies only with the coming of dusk." But in that same hour the masses danced off to bed, to the arts declined, though slowly.

Alexander the Great disseminated Greek culture over a vast area by conquest, but he spread it thin. The older and more opulent civilizations of the Near East mingled with that of its new Greek rulers: thus Hellenistic art was born. Classical sculpture had recognized three basic subjects: gods, heroes and athletes. Hellenistic sculptors of the third and second centuries B.C. multiplied this repertoire and took the world for their province. In the rich cities of the eastern Mediterranean a vast innumerate populace sprang into being. In marble, bronze, porphyry, chalcidony, basalt, ivory, silver, gold and even crystal, they swarmed the parks and porticoes: a motley host of kings and beggars, gods and geese, children and drunkards, hounds, horses, courtesans and fauns. Less than a thousandth part of all this dazzling display remains to us.

It was the time when the first Statue of Liberty, 105 feet high, bearing a torch, overlooked a harbor and was known as the Colossus of Rhodes. Hardly less famed was the *Aphrodite of Melos* (*Venus de Milo*, now at the Louvre) and the *Laocoön*: a distorted marble nightmare in which two serpents slay a prophet and his sons (now at the Vatican Museum). All this is vulgar stuff by classical standards, though still restless and elaborately skilled. By lesser standards, including those of the Renaissance, it remains superb. The flame of Greek art, flickering lower, could yet work miracles of charm on occasion: witness the Athens *Jeckey* opposite.



The figure's specific brilliance is a long way indeed from the anonymous intensity of the *Kouros* four centuries back. The difference resembles that between a prayer and a play, so to speak; the *Kouros* is a spirit poised, and the *Jockey* is a personality in action. The latter doubtless was modeled from an actual person. This merely technical innovation actually marked an important shift in human thought. The growth of empire had brought about a compensating growth of individualism. The old communal ideals, built around the fine city-state, lay shattered. So now men sought for truth in themselves and in each other. Art therefore turned personal, various, naturalistic.

Chances are that the *Jockey* once had a horse under him, and formed part of a race-course movement. But tradition hints that he may really have been a *Boy on a Dolphin*. In that case he probably embellished a fountain, perhaps as an outrider for Poseidon, or for foams-born Aphrodite. But he is racing anyway, swift

continued

"Jockey," who once may have had a horse under him, is triumph of individualism from period whose sculpture it less a monument than a story in stone.



"Beller" was commissioned by Roman patron who demanded precise details. Its inspired realism distinguishes final period of Greek sculpture.

at the wind—his tunic is wonderfully wind-whipped. He bestrides his invisible steed like a very gladiator of boyish excitement; for him the race is everything.

There seems never to have been a genuinely "Roman" art, only Greek art commissioned by Romans. Yet the taste of the consumers prevailed, as usual. Hellenistic naturalism slowly gave way to Roman realism: a grim adherence to the physical facts. "Warts and all" sums it up.

About a century before the time of Christ, for example, Apollonios of Athens produced for a Roman client a life-size boxer, in bronze, correctly detailed, right down to the cauliflower ears, split lips and blood-soaked beard. The statue, now at Rome's Terme Museum, clearly portrayed an actual champion. He was probably a southpaw, since the right side of his head is the worse battered. Otherwise he resembles Rocky Marciano, having the same square-knotted build and rippling back muscles. (The Romans, with characteristic lack of poetry, likened such muscles to "ribs under the skin.")

Yet all this uncompromising realism is still a world away from life casts and waxwork dummies. While it presents the facts, it arranges them brilliantly and with deceptive casualness. One leg of the statue is four inches shorter than the other, for instance, because the proper length would have seemed too long. Not slavish imitation but convincing illusion was the hallmark of Apollonios' art. He was like a conjurer playing with appearances, sure to amaze. Not for him the visions that can change the world; for him the gods remained invisible. But he could conjure up what seems a real man of flesh and blood, in metal.

The *Boxer*, shown opposite, has a melancholy yet indomitable look. One can picture him seated like this in his dressing room after a hard fight, fielding reporters' questions: Well, Champ, how do you feel? O.K., I feel O.K. What did you use for the knockout? A combination left and right. Did the kid hurt you

much? Do you look forward to fighting him again? Aching, wordless, the champion turns and stares.

On such harsh notes Greek art draws toward its close. All things must end, and endings are apt to be harsh. But we have seen the world's greatest sculpture, inspired by Egypt, spring suddenly into being—like Athena from the head of Zeus. We have watched it grow in grace during the sixth century before Christ, to reach perfection in the golden fifth. Its slow decline thereafter, like the homeward circling of some splendid hawk at sunset, has been sad in a sense and yet poignantly beautiful, too.

It is time to turn away. Very soon the gods died, passed away forever, as they had lived. The urge to resemble them no longer held. Soon religious asceticism drove even *aesthē* of the body into eclipse. Never again, perhaps, will sculpture succeed in creating men like gods.

What, never? Conceivably some youth or boy now walks the earth who dreams of a sculpture that will rival the Greek. More power to the dreamer! He will want to begin by studying the best, and for that he must actually go to Greece. The young science of archaeology, which began by plundering Greece, now enriches her with buried treasure year by year. All but one of the sculptures reproduced here remain on Greek soil, where they can be studied at leisure in relation to the lofty, sea-girl, deep-curved, marble-voiced, clear land that gave them birth, in brilliant and caressing light. It is true that London, Paris, Munich and Rome all have in their museums inspiring glimpses of Greek art, but now once again as in ancient times the only place to get the whole sense of it is Greece herself.

No coldly conscientious eye will do for this experience. Greek sculptures hardly need judging, nor are they merely "artistic" triumphs. They have life in them, unquenchable. And still they speak, of sport, of war, of men and of the gods. For the joy that springs from utmost endeavor is their one rule. **END**

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

New Yorkers have rarely enjoyed their own season as much. They drooled at the considerable talents of Ohio State's Jerry Lucas and yowled with appreciation as the Buckeyes held off the best in the East to win the Holiday Festival. However, after a runaway 95-57 victory over *Seton Hall*, Ohio State had a tough time with St. John's before the audacious Redwings bowed 76-88 (see page 51). Then, scrambling, aggressive St. *Benaventura*, which barely beat Utah 88-84 in the semifinals, pushed the Buckeyes to the limit as Tom Ith, sizzling and twisting through defenses, scored 35 points, and Fred Cranford, a brilliant sophomore forward, added 24 more. But Lucas was the difference. He scored 32 points, rebounded tenaciously, and Ohio State won 84-82. Later, St. John's handily defeated Utah 73-55 for third place despite 34 points by 6-foot-5 Billy McGill.

Small but slick Temple added to its prestige in the Capital Invitational at Washington, defeating Lafayette 68-52 and American 61-51. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (10-0)
2. ST. BENEVENTURA (10-0)
3. TEMPLE (1-0)

THE SOUTH

The setting was the Dixie Classic at Raleigh but it might well have been the Atlantic Coast Conference championship final next March. Unbeaten Duke had eliminated Wyoming 86-58 and Marquette 86-73, largely because of the fine shooting of sophomore Art Heyman. Twice-beaten North Carolina, with York Larose and Doug Moe scoring heavily, had routed Maryland 81-57 and Villanova 87-57. In the first eight minutes Heyman punched in 11 points, and Duke appeared to be on the way to another victory. But Moe put a defensive clamp on Heyman and held him to four points for the rest of the game. Meanwhile Carolina's Dick Keyple and Larry Brews broke the Blue Devil defense with outside jumpers and the Tar Heels won 76-71.

Navy, following Coach Ben Carnevale's instructions "to keep the ball in the air," beat Georgia Tech's stifling zone defense and upset the Jackets 62-60 in the Gator Bowl; Miami knocked past Army 82-75 and Holy Cross 77-71 in the Hurricane Bowl; West Virginia beat Tulane 96-76 and Memphis State 95-82 in overtime in the Sugar Bowl.

Versatile Louisville ran and shot to win Brigham Young 95-67, then used

ball control and beat St. Louis at its own game, 43-47. The top three:

1. LOUISVILLE (11-0)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (10-1)
3. DUKE (10-0)

THE MIDWEST

After his Oklahoma State team lost to Kansas State 62-54 in the opening round of the Big Eight tournament at Kansas City, Coach Hank Iba painfully observed, "You can't keep making errors and beat those big ones." Three nights later Kansas found out that Iba was



LATE LEAP by UCLA's Lawson fails to stop jump shot by Indiana's Gary Long, but Bruins still won 94-72 at Los Angeles.

right. The Jayhawks gave up the ball 19 times on errors against K-State's token pros (designated to harass Kansas rebounder Bill Bridges) long enough to slow down the fast break, let Larry Corley accumulate 28 points and lost to the "big cat" 69-66 in overtime.

In other tournaments Detroit picked apart overmatched Yale 83-67, then survived a shaky start to beat Colorado State 77-64 when agile Charlie North provided the spark (with 28 points, 18 rebounds) in the Motor City final; Butler sought a pair of Big Ten rivals with their defenses lagging, beat Illinois 79-68, then Purdue 85-63 on sophomore Gerry Williams' last-second shot in the Hoosier Classic at Indianapolis.

Bradley was still unbeaten—but Drake gave the Braves a scare at Des Moines. The Bulldogs played Bradley even for 40 minutes but couldn't hold Chet Walk-

er in overtime and lost 83-77. Returning to Peoria where they haven't lost in 43 games, the Braves thrashed Dartmouth 92-59. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (10-0)
2. BRADLEY (10-0)
3. IOWA (10-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Baylor, after seven straight losses, suddenly flexed its muscles in the All-College tournament. The upstart Bears turned on host Oklahoma City, the Southwest Conference's most persistent tamer, harried the Chiefs with a baffling 1-3-1 zone and beat them 73-63. Then they used their smothering defense and 14 points by Bert McChes to upset NYU 58-56. However, back run out for Baylor against talented Wichita, which had scored past Houston 71-58 and Utah State 73-43. The Bears blustered Wichita with a late rally but lost.

Meanwhile, Texas A&M and Texas were warming up for the SWC race. The Aggies beat Eastern Kentucky 74-57 and Air Force 62-51; the Longhorns recovered from a 55-44 loss to Clemson to whip Mississippi State 93-82. The top three:

1. ARKANSAS (1-0)
2. TEXAS (1-0)
3. TEXAS A&M (1-0)

THE WEST

When the Los Angeles Classic began, California coaches were properly concerned with stopping Indians, but they needn't have bothered. The Hoosiers munched easily enough to UCLA, 84-72, in the semifinals. Instead, attention should have been focused on Iowa. The exuberant young Hawkeyes needed four overtime periods to out down California 88-86, but the rest was relatively easy. With little Ron Sagar skillfully directing the offensive flow and patting junior Don Nelson spreading the defense with his jump shots, Iowa trounced USC 70-62. Unbeaten UCLA was troublousome just as long as Forward Gary Cunningham and Ken Lawson were allowed to pop away. However, the alert Hawkeyes shrewdly forced them out of shooting range while Nelson was hitting for 24 and beat the Bruins 71-65 for the title.

Up north Oregon State managed to squeeze by Wisconsin 56-54 but had less trouble beating Idaho 63-53 and Seattle 73-65 to win the Far West Classic at Portland, Ore. In the West Coast AC tournament at San Francisco, the hometown Dons, who lost five of their first six games, suddenly became tough to beat. After breezing Pepperdine 47-38, San Francisco outlasted Santa Clara 45-42, then outdefended St. Mary's 81-48 in overtime. The top three:

1. UCLA (11-0)
2. CALIFORNIA (10-1)
3. USC (11-0)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ANNUAL EXCELLENCE

Sirs:

When the president of Notre Dame fired Timmy Berman in December 1988, he told in your magazine that the reason was Notre Dame's desire for "excellence," as the football field and elsewhere. If so, how come he now rehires a coach who couldn't beat the girls of St. Trivian's?

RONALD CARMAN

New York City

• The above is one of many letters that questioned the retention of Joe Kuharich, who won two and lost eight games this past fall. We asked Father Hesburgh, Notre Dame's president, to comment. His letter follows.—ED.

Sirs:

We who were accused two years ago of abandoning academic excellence at Notre Dame ("The football elite is back in power"; "the Neanderthal age has returned") are now accused of being too serious about academic excellence to the extent that old Notre Dame will never again win over all, or any?

I suppose that any university president would be perfectly happy to stand accused of being serious about academic excellence in his institution. I certainly plead guilty. But the argument doesn't stop there.

The complete thesis is built up along these lines. One cannot seriously believe in academic excellence and athletic excellence. If one does, good athletes will not attend one's university, first, because they will not be able to make the grade (and be eligible), and secondly, they will be more attracted elsewhere by the lure of easy courses, special treatment and other inducements.

Lurking behind this thesis are assumptions that I simply repudiate as either needless (when I'm in a bad mood), or at least false on the basis of our own experience at Notre Dame. I do not accept the assumptions that 1) all good football players are stupid or 2) that good football players do not want a good education or 3) that the best athletes will be most attracted to an institution of higher learning if they are assured that they will be fed better food but inferior classes, not be bound by the same rules and regulations that govern the student body at large and will have other inducements (not mentioned) that they will happily deem revolting under oath.

If these assumptions were true, then I would declare unequivocally that intercollegiate athletics have no place at any institution aspiring to higher learning and, presumably, higher integrity.

received



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I can be wrong, of course, but until proven otherwise, I shall continue to believe that consistent excellence is compatible with athletic excellence—and that the integrity of the academic program is non-negotiable in the athletic program. Of course, I am assuming positively that there are good athletes who are also intelligent—a place at *Sports Illustrated's* Silver Anniversary All-America athletes should help this assumption.

May I add that I think that there are hundreds of such good and intelligent athletes graduating from high schools across the nation each year. I might add that there would be hundreds more if more high schools and parents would insist on education first and athletic endeavor within the framework of good education and not the other way around. The personal equation comes first.

If all athletically talented youngsters were inspired to compete and still not allow themselves to be used without receiving what they need most for a fruitful life, a good education, then the solution would be simple. As long as youngsters are misguided—most of them, I believe—who should have better—their institutions willing to use them and then to discard them. The athletic bars, closed and unlettered, is a sorry sight and a serious indictment against every human institution that helped create him. The reason that I contest so vehemently the assumptions mentioned above is that they seem to say just this—all good athletes are basic. The evidence, I submit, is mainly to the contrary. If it were not, athletics, in or out of schools, should cease to exist in our land.

Football weekends at Notre Dame are always slightly hectic, since they are the occasion of meetings of our trustees and of advisory councils to our various colleges, not to mention hundreds of special guests, class dances, alumni reunions and what not.

As the weekends of debate suggested this fall through October and November, I assumed we would survive it all. Other pressures grew were having similar results. Such is football. The games I saw were mainly interesting and, while viewed to be understanding an epidemic of low injuries that dominated our backfield and truncated our offensive, new youngsters, some not even listed on the program, filled in the vacancies, while the few veterans—in the line played with great spirit week in and week out, despite the disappointing results. I can best describe my own reaction by saying that I was reasonably relaxed—except for a few hours on Saturday afternoon—and very much occupied with altogether too many difficult, yet important, matters here and elsewhere during the football fall weeks.

As the season drew to a close, however, some self-appointed advisers began to analyze the situation. A few alumni grumblers accused other low seniors but, alas, alumni were, on occasion, more vicious, but again no more numerous than during other losing situations before. Of course, a few professional advisers got into the act

continued



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100% HIGLE continued

earlier. I think I have had my say on the thesis that these few professed. Added to these were the usual predictions that Coach Kuharich would be fired as would resign, which resignation would be accepted quickly by us with benign reluctance. This came, of course, from unimpeachable sources close to either the university officials or the coach, even though neither of us had any such thoughts and, as a matter of fact, I personally thought Coach Kuharich was doing a great job of coaching under the circumstances. Well, now the season is over, and the coach has signed a new five-year contract and hopes, as all coaches hope (we, too), for a better season next year.

One final note. There was one special piece of intelligence towards the end of the season. One writer announced that the president of Notre Dame would likely be sacked in 1962. After the past three months, I'm not sure he will live that long, but may I add my own scoop to those already mentioned—and this one is from a source very close to the president of Notre Dame, namely, himself: As long as he is responsible for athletics, among other things at the university, he will cherish the belief that in the future, as in the past, intercollegiate athletics will have an important and cherished place in the total educational process at Notre Dame.

THEODORE M. HERRSCH, C.S.C.

President, University of Notre Dame South Bend, Ind.

EVERYBODY FOR TENNIS

Sirs:

It seems to me that your recent articles, *Low Point for Tennis* (Sept. 19) and *Nobody for Tennis* (Dec. 13) place improper emphasis on a great sport.

With sales of tennis equipment up from 4% to 8% in each of the last five years and about one and a half million more tennis players than golfers in the U.S. reported as recently as last year by The Athletic Institute, a more appropriate title would be "Everybody for Tennis."

The Public Parks Tennis Committee in Cincinnati reports that under its direction there were 41,323 participants, 6,978 classes and 896 players engaged in tournaments in 1960. Those of us charged with the administration of tennis in the U.S. are much more interested in the number of players and tournament activity than in the number of stars who stay in the amateur ranks.

Through tennis clinics for young people and classes for tennis teachers the USLTA and its affiliated clubs are embarked on a long-range program to create a nation of tennis players.

GEORGE E. BARNES
President, USLTA

New York City

● This magazine has never doubted the future of participant tennis—is, indeed, has often reported its continuing growth. We remain disturbed, however, by the declining quality of play at the top of the sport.—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK



EDITH ANNE JOHNSON

Two-timing champion

It is probably only a matter of time—two-time, that is—before pretty, 16-year-old Edith Anne Johnson of Buffalo, N.Y. achieves her first ambition: to become a speed skater of Olympic caliber. Last winter she won a bevy of city, state and regional titles on the ice, but at season's end, like many another girl in search of exercise, Edith took up bike riding.

Shortly thereafter Edith found herself pedaling toward the National Amateur Bicycle Racing Championship. Ted Smith, men's amateur all-round bike champion, recognized

her potential, appointed himself her instructor. Another roster was Gil Penn, whose son is a cyclist. In the final race of the nationals Edith damaged her bike in a spill and seemed out of the race. Penn quick-wittedly rolled a spare onto the track and, says Edith, "I just jumped on and started riding." She closed the distance and became the youngest woman to win the championship.

"Now," the two-timing champ confesses with a sidelong look at her first athletic love, "I think I like bike racing even better than skating."



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